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SECRET//SCA//FOUO

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REFLECTIONS OF LIFE IN THE BARrios

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SECRET//SCA//FOUO

I am convinced that the
truest act of courage, the
strongest act of manliness,
is to sacrifice ourselves
for others in a totally
non-violent struggle for
justice. To be a man
is to suffer for others.
God help us to be men.

Cesar Chavez

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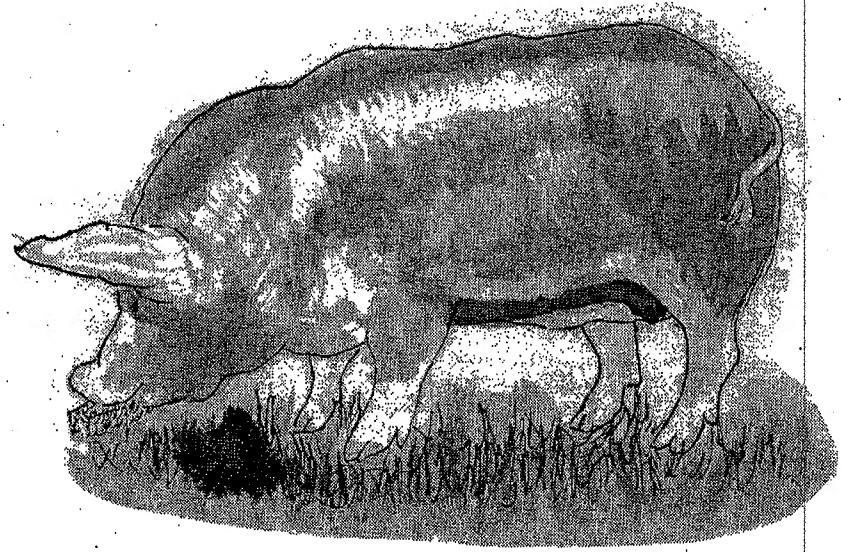
EL ESTADO DE LAS UNAS



- I. Farm workers (67% of whom are Chicanos) are on the lowest rung of the economic ladder and are excluded from most of the laws designed to protect employees in other industries; for example,
 - a. they are not covered by unemployment benefit programs.
 - b. they are excluded from the National Labor Relations Act which gives workers the right to vote by secret ballot in government supervised elections to decide whether or not they want to participate in collective bargaining.
- II. Improvement of farm workers' economic conditions through collective bargaining almost impossible prior to 1964 because of Public Law 78 which allowed U. S. Government officials to import Mexican Laborers to harvest the crops of private farm owners, thus undercutting attempts to organize domestic farmworkers. Public Law 78 was abolished in 1964.
- III. La Huelga began in 1965 in the California town of Delano in an effort to improve the lot of farm workers, through a non-violent struggle.
- IV. The initial efforts of La Huelga were directed against the major wine producers of California and only after much confrontation and a peregrinacion to Sacramento were positive results accomplished. By September 1968 all of these major wine producers had signed labor contracts.
- V. In the last few years La Huelga has directed most of its energies towards a boycott on California table grapes. This grape boycott, which began in the Spring of 1966, has grown to the point where it has had impact throughout the world.
- VI. La Huelga's struggle has been hampered by the lack of enforcement of Public Law 414 by the U. S. Immigration and Naturalization Department. This law prohibits Mexican Immigrants (green carders) from taking employment where there is a labor dispute. Lack of enforcement of this law has allowed farm owners to hire green carders as strike breakers.
- VII. The most recent effort against the grape boycott has come from the Nixon Administration which has increased government purchase of grapes by 350% for shipment to Viet Nam.
- VIII. Most recently La Huelga has undertaken a major attack on the pesticides used by growers for increased production. Pesticides such as DDT and Parathion have been found to be harmful to the farm workers as well as to the consumers of products that have been sprayed.
- IX. La Huelga and its leader Cesar Chavez have gained the support of people throughout the world for their non-violent struggle to improve the life conditions of their people.

Saddlefooted crossed and crossing the savage vineyard with their own vines for the mass to be drunk *in nomine patris et filii et spiritus sancti* as it was in the beginning of the pruning and the proper forming of the straightened proselytes unbending before the onslaught to create a knurled contortion for the well disposed grape of quality people flowing into the Sundayed valley that never saw again the pure vine outstretched upon the ground with arms outstretched toward the sky with purple greened fruit basking through generations cranking out with gargoyled docility the masses' wine of consumption for an economic psyche and exploitation of the slave by the church that brought them and perverted the cause with artificial communion sanctioning pesticides of the moneyed interests to be taken by the mass of a fused confused knurled and transmuted agony of forced containment not prepared for the civilization of an unnatural government seeking the comforts of its unnatural interests while untending of those who would be governed through the slow decaying into the softness of the earth struck with the strangling roots that rush us all into the final elementary equation while still sucking through the twisted vines that lay above us in the sunshine of *el estado de las uvas*.

PERLA IS A PIG



He was an old man who peddled corn in the Mexican *barrio* and he had gone five days now without a sale because the rumor had spread that he urinated in his cornfield.

On the evening of this fifth day he slowly pushed his orange cart to the pig's pen to dispose of the freshly cut corn. Those which had become yellow, he fed to the black sow.

"It is the same, Perla," the old man whispered in his native Spanish. "Our misfortune is your joy. Or so it seems." The fat, black pig grunted as it crushed the tender corn ears. "So eat and grow fatter. We'll have you when you're ready."

He chuckled and playfully threw one of the ears at the pig. Then he rolled the cart behind the one room adobe shack and went to the water pump. He could see no one from there, for in the spring he had planted the tiny kernels of corn in circular furrows surrounding the shack, the pig's pen and his outhouse. Now it was summer and the green stalks were higher than a man's head.

He removed his eye-patch that hid a purple socket, which he rubbed as though he were scrubbing an elbow, to clean the phlegmy, white particles that caked there during the day. He



washed only his face. He did not trouble to roll up his sleeves and so his cuffs were always brown and wrinkled, as were his other garments. He dried his face with his shirt tails, then with his hands still wet, he flattened his few, thin strands of yellow hair.

He went into the outhouse to complete his toiletry. He laughed to himself of the new rumor as he urinated.

He took some corn and picked green squash growing alongside the plum tree next to the shack to prepare the meal for the guest he was expecting within the hour.

The corn had not yet cooked when the old man heard his guest's whistle. "I'm in here, Nico. Come on in," he responded.

Nico, the business invitee, was about half the old man's size. He wore a levi jacket, Levi pants, and Lama boots. His brilliant black hair was immaculate. He wore a long mustachio, as did the Mexican cowboys in Texas from whom he had learned all there was to know of manhood. This same little man had also learned from his mother that no gentleman should be out in the streets without a pencil, a pad of paper, a comb and, at the very least, fifty cents on his person.

He entered and said, "Ah, here you are, eh? I thought you might be out pissing." He giggled the shrill laugh of a dirty boy.

"Excuse my bad manners, but I'm at the stove now," the old man explained. "Sit down, Nico. Take all that weight off your feet."

Nicos hung his nose over the boiling pots. "No meat, Huero?" he asked the old man whom they called *el Huero*, because of his light skin, green eye and yellow hair.

"Sorry, but she's not ready yet."

"Ah, what luck. When my mother told me you said it was urgent, I thought, or at least I had hoped that you were ready to stick the knife in its throat."

"In her neck," the old man corrected.

"In its neck, in its throat, what does it matter? So long as we can get to it. I saw it when I came in. He's going to be beautiful, he'll bring in a lot."

"She is beautiful, Nico . . . Why don't you sit down?"

"Can I help?"

"No, just rest yourself."

"I thought you might want me to help set the table. I don't mind, Huero. Shall I get the wine glasses?"

"No, we won't need them. I thought we might drink some goats' milk. It's nice and fresh," the old man said, smiling.

"Goats' milk? Yes, it's nice. My mother serves it every night. Says it's supposed to be good for your liver."

"I know, you've told me. That's why I thought you might like it."

The little cowboy waited a moment. "I wouldn't mind trying some of your wine though, Huero," he suggested.

"Wine? But, Nico, what would your mother say? She'd smell it, you know."

"That is of no consequence, Huero! . . . besides, I can stop at Lodi's and get some sweets on the way home."

The old man turned and faced Nicolas. "Well, if you want. But don't tell the old lady. She's mad at me as it is. Like all the others, she wouldn't buy my corn today because of this new rumor. It's up to you."

"Jesus, hombre! I'm fifty-five! You think I worry about her?"

"Well, I don't know, Nico. She's what? Seventy-five?"

"I don't know. I suppose."

"I don't mind, Nico. You're the one living with her."

"So what? Come on, *viejo*, don't play games with me. . . . I have to stop at Lodi's anyway. She wants some of that Mexican chocolate."

The two men ate the meal and drank the wine. They did not speak of the business for which the cowboy had come. When they finished, they sat outside and watched the orange, purple sun silently disappear somewhere behind the brown foothills surrounding their valley of San Joaquin. They sat on huge logs smoking slowly. The mosquitoes from the cornfield picked at the little cowboy. He constantly swung at them and cursed them. Huero, the older man, made no such motions. Even if one were to rest on his eyeless socket, he did not bother it.

"Well, Nico, we'd better start on the business," the old man said suddenly, throwing the cigarette at the water pump.

"Business! What business?" Nicolas asked with surprise.

"Don't come at me with foolishness, Nico. You know it well."

"If you have some, well go ahead, but I don't know what you have in mind," the little cowboy said innocently.

"Then why are you here?" Huero said impatiently. "Are you here only to eat and drink?"

"My mother only said you wanted me for dinner as a guest."

"Guest? Ah, what a guest! . . . You know, Nico, sometimes you are like a pimp."

"A pimp? A pimp! Huero, you slander me."

"Quiet yourself, I say it without malice. What I mean is, you try to hide your business, your true business, I mean."

"Business? That I am a pimp? You know, Huero, sometimes I seriously believe you're losing it. Maybe what they said was true. . . . maybe you did lose your eye from syphilis."

"Don't start, Nico."

"Well, I don't know, Huero. How should I know? How does anyone know anything?"

"Let it alone, *viejo*!" the old man of one eye warned.

But the little cowboy would not let it alone. "God only knows, *viejo*, but I should know. I who am your friend. Your counselor. Your business agent. Of a truth, if anyone should know, if anyone should know how you lost your eye, it should be me. But you are stubborn, you don't know who your true friends are."

"Look, Nico, we haven't time for that. This new rumor is

serious. I've not sold one *helote* all week."

"But it might be important to this case," Nicolas reasoned. "Perhaps the original rumor has not died down. Perhaps it is a recurrence of the same thing."

"It is not the same thing, you jackass! I tell you this is new gossip, a new rumor. Forget the others. I tell you I've not sold all week. You know corn must be sold within a day or two lest it rot."

"Huero, you are using too many vile names. I cannot concentrate when you are rude to me."

"He's gone and started another one on me, Nico. I know it is he. And you know the children need their corn."

"Who?"

"Ay, but look at what a mosquito you are! Who? Who else but the fat Spaniard, you runt!"

"Lodi? Lodi Ulloa?"

"And he's using the same tricks. He has no morals, that *espanol!* To use one's children to spread evil gossip shows poor education. To gain a business advantage one should not have to lie. He is poorly educated, that one is."

"Huero, if you have something to tell me, why do you hide it? I know nothing of any rumor. I know only of the ones I helped you with in the past."

"But why do you play the part of the cat with this mouse? If indeed you do not know, then why did you ask me if I was pissing in the cornfield when you first entered?"

"Well, that is a natural thing, Huero. Surely you know that."

"You think I don't know what you're doing? You think I am such a fool?" The old man brought out another cigarette. He lit it carefully, deliberately. He inhaled evenly and waited for the words to come to him; for now the bargaining had begun. His words came firmly: "So you know nothing of this new rumor, is that it, Nico? You have no knowledge of the pissing in the cornfield, of the condition of my sales. You are here only as a guest."

The counselor cowboy arose and stepped on the stub of his cigarette with the heel of his boot. "Viejo, I'm merely here sitting, smoking, and listening to the talk of a man who it seems to me has a problem, and who is talking like a mad one . . . A man, I should remind you, who claims to be a *Mejicano*, though he has blond hair and one green eye."

"Ay, *dios*, save me from this imbecil! I tell you we have work to do, we have plans to make, arrangements and terms of the agreement to decide . . . And if my color is different from the others, of what concern is that now?"

Nicolas scratched his ear. "How should I know? I remember some years back there was talk you were a gringo."

The old man did not speak now. He saw Nicolas pull at his ear with his thumb and forefinger. He watched him as he stared at the ground and occasionally at the sky which was now black and dotted with pin points of white and orange.

Nicolas paced the ground before the old man. Now and then he would stop and look directly into the old man's face. Now that the counselor cowboy was at work, the old man did not interfere. "Shall I tell you the details?" Nicolas finally asked.

"You know you have charge in the matter."

"With the thing about your being a gringo . . . sst! Nothing. A word here, a suggestion in the right ear . . . nothing! A child could have thought that one . . . That was the first rumor, no?"



"As I recall. And this is harder?"

"A gringo! Eh, it was so simple I've forgotten how I did it."

"You made me paint the Mexican flag on the cart."

"Ah, si. A flag . . . sst! A child could have done that one."

The cowboy pulled up his slight shoulders. "But you shouldn't have taken it off. Who knows, if you had left it on, and it wasn't that bad looking, maybe you wouldn't be facing this now."

"It looked like a child's drawing," the old man said simply.

"What's that to you. It served its purpose. They thought you were a gringo, because of your color. They would not let you drink in peace at the cantina . . ."

"And so you had me paint a flag on my peddler's cart to prove I am a *Mejicano*."

"Yes, if that's what it took, why not? They no longer bother you at the cantina with their questions, do they? I don't know, Huero, you bring these things on yourself."

"That's of no consequence now, Nico. Let's get on with it."

"No? But that's your problem. You concern yourself only with your own ways, with the things of today. You are like a mule, each day you must learn what you were taught the day before. You do not see the continuity of things."

"Don't start again, Nico," the old man pleaded.

"No, you are stubborn! You surround yourself too much with yourself thinking that by so doing you are hiding from others. But you are only calling attention to yourself."

"How's that?"

Nicolas stopped his pacing. Looking down at the corn peddler like a judge from his bench, he said, "Like this corn. Look at it!" He pointed to the circular furrows.

"What's that matter?"

"Well, look. *Jesus y Maria*, what a man you are! Who ever heard of a round field?"

"It helps the land. It rotates the soil, Nico."

"What a help! Don't you come at me with this foolishness. I know why you did this. And as you can see, everyone else knows."

"What? How's that?"

"To help the land! What nonsense. Who ever saw a round field of corn? It is clear to me, Huero. You did it to hide them. Do you think we are such fools? Even to the children it is clear."

"Hide? But what have I to hide?"

"Well, what else but the pig. And perhaps your plums. There is nothing else. Unless it was to hide your laziness. So that you could piss outside your house without being detected."

"I hide nothing, you *idiota!*" Huero exclaimed.

"But look at yourself. I try to help you. I give you counsel. You do well with my instructions at the beginning, but then as soon as you are doing well then you refuse to abide by my directions. Either you forget or you are a fool. When will you learn?" The cowboy shook his head and sucked at his teeth.

"I should have left that flag painted on my cart? What for? They took that, a child's drawing, as evidence of my *raza*? Anyway, I choose not to go to the cantina anymore."

"Yes, and now you come to me for help again."

"Yes, but I know that I will not always need the counsel of a spider. God will forgive me this weakness . . . but as I have said, this is a different matter."

"That is where you are a fool or a child. Can you not see it? Are you really such a *pendejo*?"

The old man pondered. "You really think this is the same thing?"

"It is for the same reasons," Nicolas said, tossing an obvious rule of law to the wind.

Huero tugged at the cigarette and nodded at the sky. He inhaled the warm breeze and fixed his gaze on Venus. "And the syphilis? That came after the gringo thing. Was that also part of it?"

Now the little cowboy from Texas was in his glory. "Exactly. Look . . . First it was the gringo. They would not give you the drinks, right? So you painted a flag. It was a simple idea, true, but it was good, and it worked . . . Then you removed it. And then what happened? Then they started the rumor of the syphilis; that you lost your eye because of syphilis."

"Well, it wasn't clear. It was sin, I think."

"Sin, syphilis, they are one and the same."

"Well, I don't know," nodded the old man.

The teacher continued without interest in the obvious past. "Look, dumb one. Pay attention. Sin, syphilis, what does it matter what they think. The reason behind the acceptance of a rumor hardly matters. What matters is that you cure them."

"I went to church as you suggested."

"Yes, you went to the mass . . . One time."

"I couldn't do it, Nico. I went the one time to show them where my religious thought were. I didn't mind that one time to prove to them, but to continue . . . Besides, the padre was a gringo, an Italian, they say."

"Sometimes I think you do have syphilis, Huero. It has spoiled your brain like a squash that has rotted from the frost. . . . Can't you see it was not for religion that I sent you there? It was to dispel the suggestion of sin."

"You believe that, Nicolas?"

"No, of course not. I am merely a counselor giving argument."

"I can't see it," the old man said, scratching his socket.

"Sure, look, it is very simple. If you had continued to go, if you had gone but a month and waited for the padre to hear of your sins. If you would have had the padre bless you in front of all the people . . . sst! You think Lodi would have

dared start another rumor after that? Not even an *español* would be so stupid!"

The old man laughed fully. He slapped the ground and nodded slowly, saying, "Ay, que cabron, what a bastard you are! You have such crazy notions."

"It is not a thing to laugh at. You refused to carry out my instruction, you refused to go get blessed and so now what? Now you have to wear that patch over your eye, that is what. But that is not all, and this is what you still do not see . . . This thing of the pissing is the same thing."

"I guess I'm too old."

"Then listen . . . You've worn that patch for three years now. And the people have forgotten about the syphilis. But the patch was your idea, it was certainly not one of mine. I am like a surgeon. I cut away the roots. With that patch you merely delayed this new one. You merely hid the sin. Now Lodi has seen fit to start another one because you have been selling too well in the past few years . . . so there you have it. Listen to my counsel and you will be cured once and for all."

The crickets lessened their clicking and the frogs took up their place. Mosquitoes hummed and buzzed while the fireflies occasionally bit the night air. Now there was a suggestion of a moon, as the Mexican cowboy issued his judgment. The counselor paced before the old man. He smoked and sighed now and again. "I have it! I have found it!" Nicolas burst suddenly. "Ho, ho, there we have it, *viejo!*" He shouted to the old man.

"Has the wine gone to your head, Nico?" asked the old man, thinking that perhaps Nicolas was drunk.

"Si, Nico! Nicolas Bordena! Old Nico has done it again. Go and get us some wine, old man," the cowboy ordered.

"Sit down and tell me. Calm yourself before your heart falls to your feet," said the old man.

"No, give me some wine first!" Nicolas paraded before the peddler, like a proud bantam rooster after the battle. "Bah! who has need of wine when his head is full like mine?"

"Have you a good plan, a big one?" asked the old man.

"Good? You say good? Ay, ay, ay! Don't use such small words."

"Well, tell me. What clown do I play this time, doctor?"

"Sst! Clown? I'm not a beginner anymore, old man. My ideas have grown with me. I remember before I used to need the quiet of my home, a certain solitude, before they came to me . . . Clown? No more."

"Well hurry and say it, Nico," the old man was impatient with the cowboy's crowing.

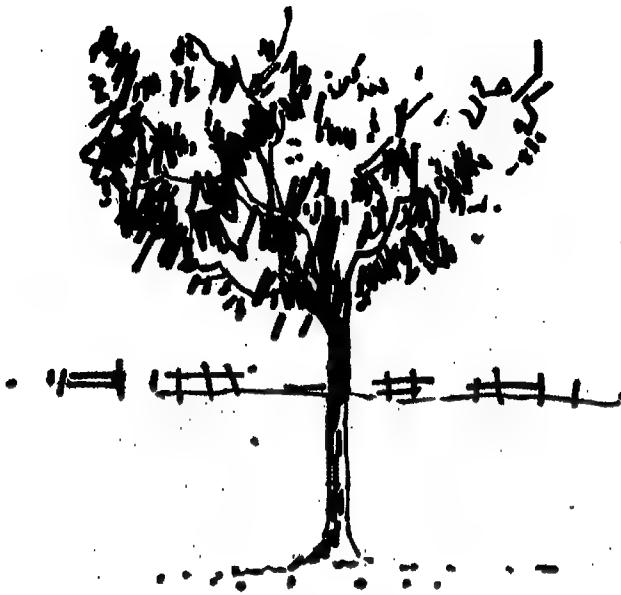
"Yes, I'm growing big in my old age. You should see what ideas I have. Before, the thing of the flag, of the church, they were nothing. Sst! *Nada*, not a thing. A child, an idiot could have worked those up. But this one? I'm telling you, Huero, right from up there."

"You're telling me nothing, Nico."

"Nothing, I tell you," he continued without paying heed to the old man. "In those earlier years it was nothing . . ."

"For the love of God, Nico, say it and be done with it!"

With that the counselor returned to earth from his exaltation and began to unfold his plan before the peddler of corn who had gone five days without a sale because of the rumor in the Mexican *barrio* that said he urinated in his round cornfield. "Here you have it," began the cowboy. "This plan must dispel, once and for all, all the bad feelings of these people, these Mexicans of superstition. This plan must wipe out from their minds the idea that you are different, or that



you are unclean. These are the things that tell the people that you are not one of us, and it is for these reasons that they accept the rumors about you. It is a universal occurrence that people will believe what they want to believe according to their feelings of the person in question; and these people, perhaps because they are but poor Mexicans, these people will believe any malicious gossip about you until you can show them . . ."

The old man interrupted, "Nico, please. I have no need for speeches."

"Oh? Then you do not want the basis, the reasoning behind the plan, is that it?"

"Just tell me what I must do, *por favor*."

"I see. Here I will show you . . . You see, the people, including the children, they believe you have planted your round rows of corn to hide something. To hide what? you may ask. Well, that I do not know, but again you stand apart, again you show your difference and thus again you give them cause for suspicion. Maybe they think you have something special, your pig, your plums, who knows? But I do know that it is because of that that they find it so easy to accept the accusation of this pissing."

"Nicol! Jesus, hombre, speak! Say something!"

"Yes, yes. You are without learning. You have no love of philosophy in you."

"It is not philosophy I seek from you, worm. Nor these devious words of yours. I only want to know what I must do to sell my corn. Now will you counsel me or shall I seek out another?"

The counselor sighed deeply and shook his head more in pity than in disgust at the old man of such little knowledge, and then he said, "You will give your plums to the children."

"Give my plums?"

"Yes. To get them, and this is why I like this plan, to get them to spread, as it were, a rumor come from you. In a word, to get them on your side."

The old man turned his one eye up toward the little cowboy. *Surely the wine has gone to this one's head*, the old man thought. *For I ask him to sell my corn and he tells me to give away my plums.*

The gnarled, black-trunked tree blossomed violet each Spring and when the sun assaulted the hot fields in July the boys from the *barrio* crept through the tall, green, yellow stalks and stole away the old man's plums. He knew of their entrance, he saw them run through the field, their pockets laden with the purple fruit. He heard them giggle their fear away, but he never once in all those years prevented their taking, without asking, the gorgeous, tender fruit, sweet to the dry mouths of brown-baked Mexican boys.

"Give them my plums, eh? To get them on my side?"

"Yes, that is the first part. I will go and tell them that you have decided to give away your plums. Then, and this is where the plan intrigues me. Then I will go and see Lodi and compliment him on his good meat."

"His meat?"

"Yes, his meat. I will tell him he has the best meat in the entire valley . . . And then, and then, ho, ho, ho . . . and then I will tell him that others have said the same thing."

The old man scratched at his eyeless socket. "That he has good meat, the best in the valley."

"Yes, and then . . . but this is good! Then I will, ever so slowly, suggest to him that if I were he I'd raise the price. *It is worth it, Lodi, I shall say. Not only is it the best, but it saves us a trip to Riverbank; and above all, we do not have to deal with the gringos.* I can do such a thing, you know, Huero. You know I have a way with words. *Si, Lodi, were it not for you we would have to buy from those fucking gringos.* And then, Huero, as you shall see, and then he will in fact raise the price of his meat. And it would not surprise me if he raises all his prices, for I will blow up his head 'til it is like a pumpkin, you'll see."

The old man nodded in amazement. He could barely speak. "I see, he'll raise the price of his meat, that's it?"

"Sure. And then all you have to do is sell yours for about ten cents cheaper."

The old man shook his face and scratched at his head. He spoke quietly, "Nico, I am not selling meat; I'm trying to sell my corn."

"Well, sell meat, dumb one."

"But it is you who are the dumb one. I have no meat to sell."

"And the pig?"

"Perla? She is not ready yet."

"Ready? Why not? The animal looks good and ready to me."

Huero looked toward the pig's pen. "Then I am not ready, frog!"

"We must truly come from different countries, Huero. I cannot understand how it is your head works. Here I've arrived at a solution, what appears to me to be the ultimate solution to your problem. A plan that will not only help you sell your pig and your corn but most important it will endear you to these people. For as even you can see, when the women learn from their sons that you are a generous man given to kindness, they will think well of you. When you tell the children that you planted the round field to keep away the dust from the roads to protect your beautiful animal so that she would be clean, how can they not think well of you? . . . And then when these same women learn that the *espanol*, that fat one who is not a *Mejicano*, when they hear that he has raised all his prices . . . Can't you see it? There you are, a kind man selling clean pork at bargain prices on Sunday afternoon in front of the

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church . . . Jesus, hombre, it is a beauty!"

"What? What's this of the church? And this thing about the dust not getting on Perla, what is that? So again you would have me play the clown and tell more lies. Again you would have me fight one lie with another one."

"So what? What is that to you? Look, you fool, you'll sell cheaper, true, but you'll sell it all in one day, or in two at the most while the story circulates. It'll mean less work and then next week you can go back to your corn. By then that story will be dead . . . It is simple. You kill the pig tomorrow. You give the boys the plums and tell them the story. Sunday you take the pig to the church at twelve noon. I'll leave as they're saying the last prayers and when the women start coming out I'll tell them you're selling Perla for much less than what Lodi sells for. You watch, you'll sell all the pig before the sun has set."

The old man sat quietly. He looked to the moon. He nodded his head slowly as the blood rose to his head. He clenched his fists and shouted at the little Texan, "Jesus Christ! I must be as dumb as my pig. Why do I ask you to counsel me? Why must I always turn to the spiders and the mosquitoes for assistance? . . . All I want to do is sell my corn and be left in peace. If I don't sell it, the worms will have it. It is too late to have it dried for cornmeal; I've given it to much water for that. And even if the worms don't get to it the sun will take up the sweetness . . . And you will have me slaughter Perla when she is not ready . . . God, but I am surely a fool!"

The old man was explaining these things for himself, because he knew now that he had already committed himself to the plan by simply having asked the little man to counsel him. But he wanted, for a later time, to have this seeming rebellion as a comfort. He knew this would be his only outburst. Now he was but a soldier offering his distaste for war, knowing all along he would concede to his general.

He arose and went into his shack. He soon returned with two glasses full of wine. They drank slowly while the old man finished the examination of his conscience.

When he spoke again his voice was soft and without emotion. "I'll fix the pig and be at the church at noon. Take some corn on your way out. It is still fresh, I cut it only yesterday."

Nicolas had seen the old man like this before, so he did not speak further on the matter. He took only an armful of the green *helotes*. His fee was all the corn he desired throughout the season.

or in none at all. They wore patched pants or swimming trunks. All were brown like earth, all had black eyes or brown hair too long or too short. Fifteen Mexican boys coming for their plums. They ceased their hornet's nest buzzing as they carefully approached the old man.

One came forward. "Well, here we are . . ." He hesitated. "Uh, Huero?"

The old man continued to sharpen the knife. "*C/Si muchachos? c/Que es?*"

The brown boy looked at his own mud-caked feet. "Well, Nico, Nicolas Bordona, he said . . . He said we could have the, some plums."

"Oh, si, *muchachos*." The old man hesitated, for he was unaccustomed to dealing with the children. "Take them. There they are."

"They have asked me to speak for them," the boy said.

"No we didn't!" One of the boys standing in file broke away. "You said we should let you talk, but I want to say it for myself."

"Well, speak," the old man said.

"Senor, Huero. We, I want to thank you for the plums . . . And I am sorry I told those lies about you. But I had to. My father says it is for my own good. He made me."

"You're one of the Ulloa boys?"

"Si, señor. But I didn't believe the story."

"It's all right. One has to obey his father. It is that way."

"I know. My mother said so too. But aren't you mad at me?"

"No, son. I am not angry with you. If a father tells his son to lie, then he must lie. Sometimes one must lie of necessity."

The boys murmured. "See?" one reminded the others.

"I said it too," the shortest one called in.

"Huero," another said, "Huero, I'm sorry I called you a . . . *el ciego*. I was just kidding."

"Eh, what does it matter? I wish I were blind. For all the good my one eye does me, I might as well be blind."

"You can see, can't you?"

"Some things. But if I were totally blind then the government would pay me. They give you money if you cannot see anything."

"Huero?" Another one called in. "Huero, I stole a piece of sugar cane once when you weren't looking."

"Ah, what's a piece of sugar cane?"

"Me, too, 'ero," the shortest one squealed. "Oh, no, it was a tomato, I think."

The others laughed at him and the old man smiled.

"One time you gave me too much change," another said, "and I kept it. I'm sorry."

Each one in his turn confessed his sin before the old man. He laughed or smiled and tried to offer consolation. But he was running out of absolutions. Although he had been amongst these children for seven years this was the first time they had come to him. The plan, the counselor's scheme, kept twisting within him. He looked at his sow and he saw the water giving up the steam. He ran his finger along the knife's edge. He used his eyeless socket to advantage. When he did not want others to see him he turned that void toward the speaker. When people told stories, or made attempts at laughing matter he wished not to hear, he would turn away from them. No one truly expected a man with one eye to have all his wits, or to be completely competent in his perception and therefore no one called this rudeness to his attention.

PART II

The old man had begun the fires under two large tin tubs filled with water. He honed at a long knife with a stone he had found at the river, while his pig snorted and grunted unaware and oblivious.

The line of boys came noisily through the dense field of green, yellow, brown stalks of seven, eight, nine feet. They walked in single file, all barefooted and in shortsleeved shirts

So now as the boys looked upon him without their accustomed rudeness, the scheme raced through him. He turned away from them because he did not like to look upon people when they could measure his emotion. He looked at his plum tree and at his pig. He exhaled deeply, resignedly and decisively. "Look, *muchachos*, did not Nico tell you you could have the plums? Have I not said, take them? Well, take them, they are yours . . . Not just now, but whenever you want them. This year and the next. They are yours. It will be your tree."

"Always?" one asked.

"Yes. It is yours . . . but there is just one condition. You must do me just one favor in exchange . . . You must not tell anyone about this . . . You must keep this a secret between us. Not even the girls. Because, well . . . the more people know, the fewer plums it will be for you." He smiled and saw it was not so difficult to speak to them. He saw clearly that they were but little boys with dirty bare feet and that all he wanted was to peddle his corn.

"Huero, you say *always*? With your permission, may I ask, Are you going away?"

"Don't you like the plums, Huero?" another asked. "Do they make you sick? My mother says if you eat too many you'll get sick."

"No, I'm not going away. Not now, at least."

"But you are going away? You say not now?"

"Well, everyone goes away someday, you know."

The short one chirped in. "You mean to die? My dog died. My father said he was going away. I know he just died." This shortest one, a little bit of a boy, he was not the age of the others. He had merely come with his older brother to the feast.

"Boys, why don't you just take the plums."

"Are you very sick?"

"No, not very sick," the old man answered.

"My dog had a sickness. His eye was all red, and white, too. It was ugly. He had blood in it. Is that what you have, 'ero?" the little one asked.

The other boys turned to him and with their eyes and their faces they tried to warn him, to silence him. Their embarrassment compelled them to turn away from the old man with one eye.

"Well, in a way it is my eye, *hijo*."

"Oh, I am sorry, 'ero. I'm very sorry you have the leprosy."

"Shut up, Paquito," his brother yelled.

"Why? I am sorry. And I know about it. The sisters told me about leprosy in catechism. It's like what Teto, my dog, that's what he had. He had it too. Isn't that what you have, 'ero?"

The old man chuckled. "I don't know, Paquito. Maybe I'll die of that, like your dog. His name was Teto, eh?"

"Si. I called him that for my uncle Hector. And the sister said he just went away too. But I know he just died of the leprosy."

"I see. Well, look, boys, you've thanked me for the plums. I say you are welcome. Now take them, they are yours. They are ripe now."

The boys did not wait. They leaped to the tree and pulled at the branches. The purple tender balls came off with a touch. They ate as they picked more to stuff in their pockets. They yelled and pushed and buzzed and filled their mouths with the

fruit. It was not a big tree. Shortly it was clean of the fruit. With their mouths purple and their pockets wet, they left down the same path through which they had entered.

The old man stirred the flames more. "Bueno, Perla, it is your time. I would have waited . . . but you have eaten well, have you not?"

What a pearl! he thought to himself as he drove the knife into her neck. He drained her blood, he sliced her skin, he burnt and scraped the bristles. He pulled the intestines. He preserved the brain and the eyes. He cut cleanly the meat from the fat;

Huero worked late into the night under a lamp beside the now thinned plum tree.

PART III

It was Sunday morning in the *barrio*. The old, wrinkled, burnt-skinned Mexican women, covered with black shawls, gathered at the entrance to the wooden building. The church steeple was crowned with a bleeding Christ and housed a hornets' nest.

The children in stiff bright clothes held back their laughter. They carried black or red or white missals. The men in tight, white starched collars and pin-striped black or brown suits smoked quickly before the mass began.

"Have you heard about the old man?" A woman asked several others.

The others came closer. "Si, que lastima, what a pity."

"El Huero, you mean?"

"My boy told me. It is sad."

"I wonder if we shouldn't send the men to inquire."

"I don't know, we might be intruding. I don't want to be a *metichi*."

"Yes, but, Rosa, when it is a thing like this . . ."

"But with him? It is different. He does not join us."

"Well, it is a shame. But I could not buy his corn after what was said. My man would have thrown it to the trash."

"I know. It is the same with me. Mine would have cracked a plate over my head . . . Still, he does have a heart. Like my boy said — he's a little sick this morning, I guess he ate too many . . ."

"Isn't that a coincidence? Manuelito is sick, too. You say yours ate too many? What's that?"

"The plums. You know, Paquito said the old man gave them some plums."

"Your boys are sick? You say Huero gave them . . ."

"Si, Paquito said all the boys went there . . ."

"All the boys. Elisa, what are you saying? Don't you know, didn't your boy tell you? My boy, Oscar, he told me that Huero had some bad illness. He's sick too. He's got stomach trouble."

"Wait a minute. Paquito . . . but he's just a baby, he said the old man had what his dog died of. He said the old man told him he was dying of leprosy. But surely, that is just a baby talking."

"Leprosy!"

"Now wait, just wait. My boy, Oscar, he never lies, he is a



good honest boy; now he said, and he is no baby . . ."

"Well what is it, Rosa?"

"He did say the old man was sick, of a disease . . . You say leprosy? But he said it might just be a rumor . . ."

"Jesus y Maria! If they all went there, as you say . . . and he has leprosy . . . and now they are sick . . . *Dios mio!*"

Several of them crossed themselves. Two of them, without another word, turned and ran home. The others talked faster and louder and gathered momentum in their gesticulations. They called the men into their discussions.

The men laughed at them and called them *chirinoleras*. The men told their women to leave the old man alone. The men in their tight clothes returned to finish their cigarettes, for the priest had arrived.

The women continued in their anxiety. They quoted scripture to one another. One suggested it was not communicable. Another said it was the mark of Cain. They carried their grief into the church and prayed with the priest for all the sick.

But it was all too late. For the rumor had spread during the mass. During the collection, the rumor went round from one to the other, from pew to pew, that the old man had leprosy. The evidence was overwhelming, beyond a reasonable doubt. The Huero had leprosy as was proven by the illness of all the children who had eaten too many plums.

While the congregation recited their *Hail Marys*, the little cowboy slipped out to meet the old man who had rolled his cart near the entrance to the church.

"What's this about your illness?" The counselor wore a black suit and a green tie four inches wide.

"My illness? I am well."

"I don't get it all. I got here a little late. Mother wanted

some fresh milk before I left. Look, here they come!" He spun around and hurried to the door to meet the women. But they would not stop to talk as was their custom. They only touched the priest's hand. They hurried away holding tightly to their children. They wanted to find a doctor. Some wanted to go to the older women, the very old and wiser women who counseled them in times of distress, the *viejitas* who found wild mint and red spinach among the peach trees for the illnesses of the children.

The women had no time for the politeness of the counselor who bid them seek out the old man's pork at bargain prices. Nicolas went from one to another pleading with them to look at the meat. They paid him no heed.

One of the women walked up to the old man standing by his cart, and the old man said, "Ah, buenos días, señoras. I have nice fresh meat, thirty cents to the pound. The skins are crisp and the blood is red."

"Huero, I don't come here to buy. I must know, this is a serious thing. Did my son, Paquito, did he go to your house yesterday?"

The old man arranged the meat in the cart of two unnecessarily large wheels, one painted black and the other white. The cart itself was painted orange. "Paquito? Well, what did he tell you?"

"That doesn't matter, Huero. He is just a boy. But I must know for certain. Did he?"

"Don't ask me. I know nothing of your son."

Nicolas came to his defense. "Ladies, perhaps what you should do is buy some of these *chicharrones* for your children. You know how they like them."

"You stay out of this, Nicolas Bordona. This is very serious. We have to know. Huero, we know you are sick and

we know some of the boys went to your house yesterday. We have to know which ones."

"I am sick? What is this of my being sick?" he asked the excited women who eyed the pork meat with the eye of the bargain hunter.

"Si, viejo, we know of it. It is out and we've got to know which boys were exposed. Now tell us!"

"Senor Huero, please, this is a serious thing. Even though the *padrecito* just told me it is not catching, still we should know. I'm sorry if she is rude, but we are all concerned," a younger one apologized.

"I'm not being rude, Carmen. But leprosy is a bad thing, don't you know?"

"Leprosy?" the old man asked. "I have leprosy?"

They all fixed their gaze upon him. "Well, do you deny it?"

The old man touched his eye patch. "Where did you hear that one?"

"From the . . . the boys told us. I think it was Rosa's boy, Paquito, and Elisa's boy, Oscar, he said you told them."

The old man smiled and remembered. He looked at the meat in the cart and he remembered the confessions he had heard the previous day. He saw again the boys scampering through the plum tree and he chuckled when he thought of Paquito's dog, Teto. With a twinkle in his eye he said, "I don't know, ladies. How would I know what I have. I have not talked to a doctor since I was but a child. How should I know for certain if I have leprosy . . . for that matter who can say he does not have it."

The women stared at him and looked with nervous eyes at one another. They tightened their shawls about them and some clutched at the missal or rosary they held in their hands.

"Well, we know, at least the father told Carmen that it is not catching . . . But you are right, who knows."

"Maybe it's just a coincidence that they're all sick," Carmen said.

"Or a warning," Rosa said as she hurried away.

Nicolas said, "But ladies, how about this beautiful meat?"

"The meat? . . . No, I think I'll wait."

"But it's fresh, and it is much less than at Lodi's," he wailed.

"No, Nico . . . I don't think my man would want me to buy just now. Maybe we'd better wait until tomorrow, after we see a doctor or talk to the *viejitas*, they should know."

Nicolas tried the last remaining worshippers. But their decision was the same. They would wait until the following day. If their sons were only sick from too many plums . . . perhaps they would reconsider.

So now I am a leper, the old man chuckled to himself as he covered the meat in the cart with a white cloth.

"How do you do it, Huero? Of all my clients how is it that you bring me the most hardships?"

"It is over with, Nico."

"But you can bring me some problems, can't you? You cannot keep my counsel. You must always play the part of the clown."

"Leave it be, Nico. It is done."

"No, wait, *viejo*. This was a business matter. You were to take my advice for a price."

"You can have your corn, hyena. You can have all that enormous belly of yours will hold. But away with you and your advice!"

"I don't know, Huero. First a gringo, then syphilis, then the pissing . . . Now leprosy . . . But why did you not deny it? Why did you let them know that is what it is. Are you such a *pendejo*?"

"What are you saying, frog face?"

"Ah, well, never you mind, old man. I'll come up with another plan. You see. We'll sell your pig yet."

"Pig? But it is you who are the *pendejo*. This is not a pig. This is but pork meat, can't you see that? . . . Perla is a pig!"

For the first time the counselor took notice of the old man's seriousness. The little cowboy's eyes fluttered and he bit at his mustachio. "Huero, you are disappointed because the plan did not work. But then you should not have said anything about this leprosy. You should have denied it. You should not have let them know you have it, or whatever it is . . . So that is what it is. I thought, for years I had known you'd lost that eye from something strange and mysterious."

Huero pushed his cart away. The counselor followed after him and tried to stop him. The old man pushed his hand away angrily. He mumbled curses at the cowboy. Nico placed himself in front of the cart.

"Jesus, hombre, but you are loco. *Cabron*, but you are weak in the head," Nico shouted.

"Loco? Yes, Nico, that I am. I am weak in the head. But as it goes, *He who has no head had better have good feet*. So get away from me before I run over you!"

Nicolas stepped away from the cart. "Jesus, but now you are like a wild one caged too long without water."

The old man advanced toward the little cowboy from Texas. "Nico, you know they say if a leper rubs his sore on sweet skin it will harden and fall off like cold wax. Want me to try it on you?"

Nicolas jumped back. "God, but now you've really gone off."

Huero laughed fully. His whole body trembled with delight as he watched the frightened little man scampering away with short steps like a busy field mouse.

The old man returned to his hut surrounded by circular furrows of tall corn stalks. He had planted it that way because he had read in a magazine that it did the soil good.

The Mexican peddler of corn hummed an old song as he dug a grave behind the plum tree. The grave was large enough for the coffin, which was the cart, stuffed with the meat of the pig that had once been his Perla.

He knew then, that he too, like Paquito's dog, would have to leave the Mexican *barrio* of Riverbank.

E N D



E/S

"You know, ese, like I gotta have that geeze today. Like I've gotta go kick cold turkey at that place called El Proyecto Del Barrio. I'm hurtin', ese. I'll pay you some other time."

The Horse stood blinking under the morning sun. He was decked out in ragtag khaki pants that had seen better days. He stood there knowing he had to feed a line of bullshit to the Dude for the half gram of stuff, otherwise he'd have to go out of the Barrio and hustle some loot, and that was a drag especially because of the way he was feeling at that precise moment. He was really hurting for a quick fix of junk.

"Orale, ese," he kept on, "come on, man, just this one time. My P. O. tells me either I go over the Proyecto, ese, and straighten, or like it's back to the joint. And I mean the big house on 'Frisco Bay. An' that aint what I'm gonna do, ese, so before I split I need one last fix on credit. So how 'bout it, Carnal? Just one. I'll get the bread. I'll pay."

The Dude was one cool Chicano. He was cold, cold when it came to money. He had cargo all right — he had it inside his mouth. He was loaded, and as he looked at the Horse his eyes were glazed and dilated. The Dude didn't answer right away. Sitting there in front of his clapboard shack, nodding, he was barely aware of the Horse's voice. He was thinking instead about the boss brown junk he'd brewed just that morning. It had dropped him against his bed when he'd jolted it into his scarred vein. He smiled. Good junk.

The stuff had come into his possession late last night. It was the kind of Chicano stuff that came in once in a great while, the kind you paid four C-notes for just a piece. The cut with sugar milk went four to one ounce, and it was really the best kind of junk. One ounce procaine made it five ounces. Twelve C-notes of Chicano junk. That was big time money. The Dude was happy. Business was going to pick up all right this week.

He looked up at Horse and squinted. Yeah. He could afford to go along with the play and help the Horse out. A half gram. Anyhow, even though the Horse was splitting he'd pay sometime. Sometimes a little credit was good for business anyway. Beside, he sorta liked the Bato.

"Ese, Caballo," the Dude said as he swatted away a fly buzzing around his head, "tell you what. I'm gonna give you a good taste, man. Like I dig the scene you've gotta make." He dropped a small piece into the Horse's trembling hand. "It's solid cargo, man, so don't do it all up at once. Now, get outta here, man, you're putting heat on my pad. See you later when everything gets cool with you."

The Horse mumbled something, dropped the cargo into his mouth, and ran tumblingly along the path leading to the Barrio street. As he turned the corner of a building he ran headlong into one of the Bato Locos from the Barrio. It was Benny.

"Orale, ese," Benny said, stopping him.

The Horse eyed the Bato and he knew Benny was out to hustle some cotton. His eyes were watery and Horse could tell he was one sick Bato.

"You gonna score from the Dude, ese?" Horse said as he started to pass Benny by, but Benny held onto his arm.

"Yeah," Benny said, hanging on. "You get some, ese?" Benny was out to hustle, if he could.

"Yeah," Horse said, releasing Benny's hold gently. I got

some from the Dude, ese. But not enough. I mean, I told him I had to split the scene or they're gonna send me to Q. He gave me some, ese, on credit, but not enough."

"The batos say you gotta dry out, ese. You supposed to be goin' over to the Proyecto." Benny's brown eyes and clear brown skin reminded Horse of the leaves on the Oak tree in the Dude's yard.

"Naw, ese," Horse answered, irritated. "I aint going on over to that Proyecto. I aint gonna kick cold turkey for no motherfucker. My P.O. and all them lame putos can go fuck themselves. They aint gonna get on me. I'm heading home, ese and do me in this carga I got; then I'm splitting."

Benny stared at him. "Yeah, ese, fuck it. Well, man, I've got to make the scene. Later, ese, Caballo."

"Later, Benny."

The Horse made it trotting to his pad and tiptoed inside the shabby living room. His grandmother wasn't around and he breathed a sigh of relief. She was always bugging him about fixing around the house. He quietly opened the door to the bathroom and went inside. His outfit was hidden behind the washbowl. He pulled out the bundle and unrolled the dirty piece of rag. His hand was shaking and the bent spoon fell into the toilet bowl. Sweat was breaking out on his brow, and he could feel the first symptoms of withdrawal. He scooped out the spoon and made the preparations. He knew he was strung out, but it wasn't too bad yet. Anyway, there was no way out. He had to take that last geeze before he split from the Barrio and hid out. He knew he could get some chiva wherever he went. Everybody was hooked. The shit was everywhere, so he wasn't worrying about scoring. He sure as hell wasn't going to no Proyecto and let them cold turkey him, fuck it!

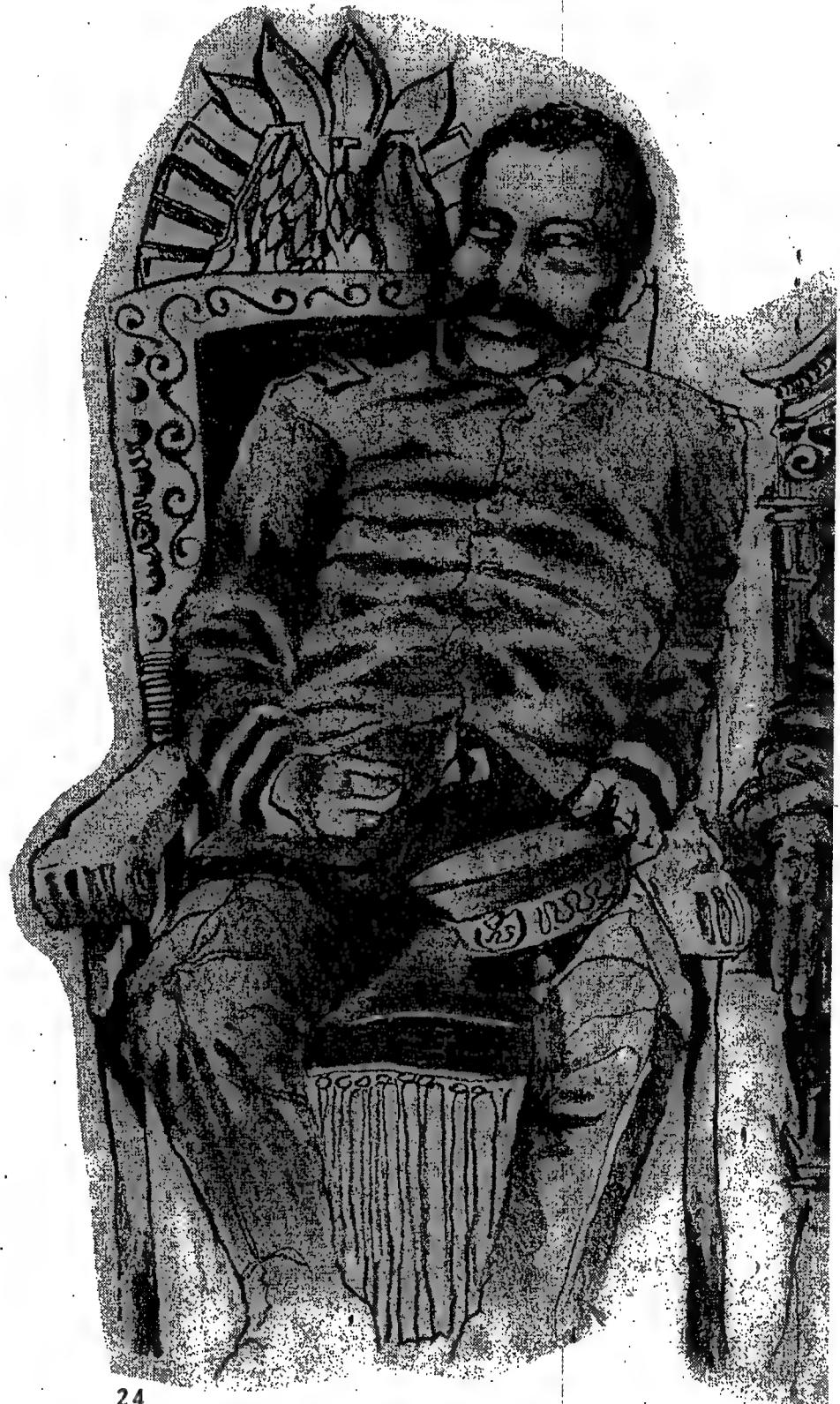
He broke the red balloon and spilled out the brown cargo into the match-burn blackened spoon. Then he ripped off five matches from the paperbook that lay on the toilet seat. The needle and eyedropper were ready. He cooked the junk and felt his guts turning inside out, and he was already choking with the puke that came up to his throat. He put all of the cargo into one good jolt.

The Horse pressed the nipple of the eyedropper and carefully withdrew the jet-black cargo from the spoon. The rag was tight around his upper right arm where the muscle bulged with the pressure. The needle penetrated his flesh into the mainline vein and blood sucked back into the eyedropper. Everything was going right, for sure, that was for sure.

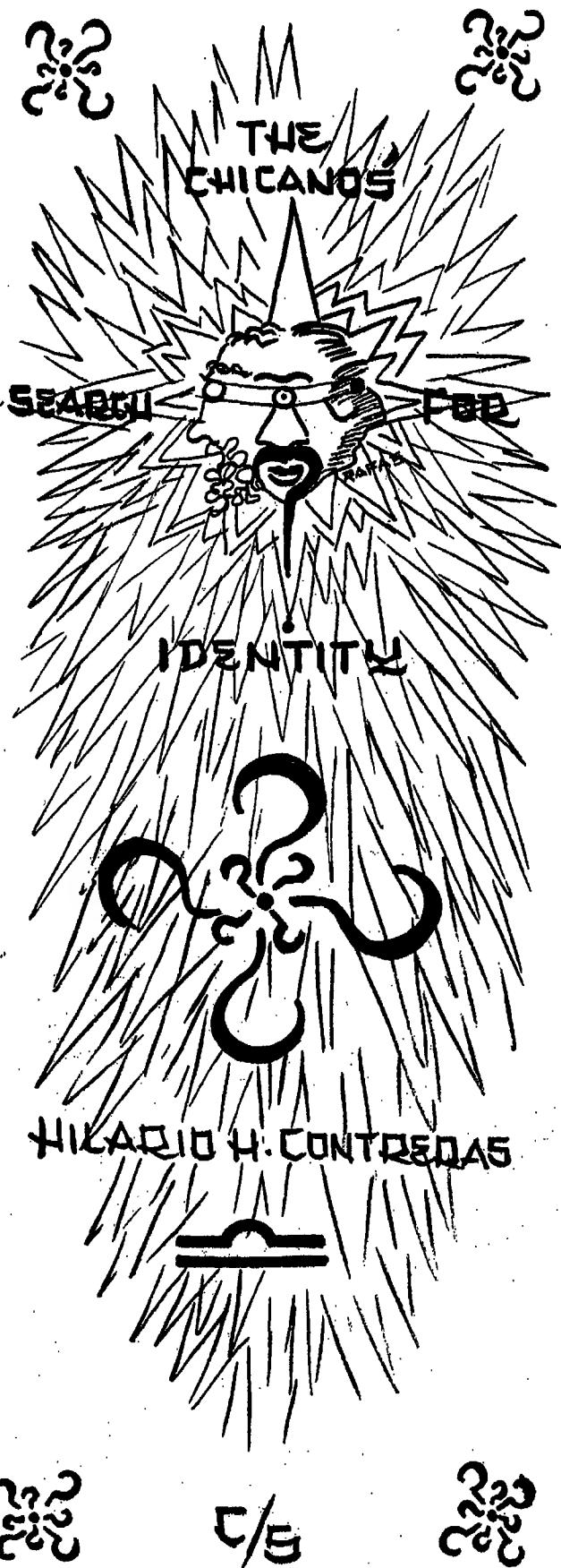
Then the Horse felt what he'd never felt before. It was a blinding flash, and he felt his knees buckling under him. He didn't know, couldn't know, what was happening, but he knew things were sweet, nauseatingly sweet, and his body flew in space, and all that was a part of him was suddenly a part of the darkness that came after the flash, a darkness that disappeared a moment, making him briefly aware of his grandmother's piercing, haunting scream, the darkness wavered, and he gave himself up to the completeness of it.

5/5

"OKAY SMI... HERE COME
THOSE CRAZY DOCHO MILITANTS
TO TAKE OUR PISHURE AGAIN."







The most human faculty of man is the awareness of his existence as a distinct person who exists in the continuum of the past, the present and the future and who, with a sense of self-determination, plans and shapes his own fate.

Self-awareness is the most immediate of our experiences; it can't be compared with any other experience, and, because it can't be experienced except from the one single vantage point of subjectivity, it is quite elusive. And yet, it is the most fundamental fact of our life. Paradoxically, one becomes keenly aware of one's self in the morbid states of depersonalization, when a person suddenly feels strange to himself — an experience well known to many members of minority groups in Anglo-American society. Only when the feeling of identity is disrupted do we become aware of its existence.

We realize that it is the same person who played on the floor as an infant, was praised, loved, and also scolded by his parents, who quarreled with his brothers and sisters, who went to school, who chose an occupation or profession, who married and had children. This feeling of continuity in an emotionally undisturbed person is not interrupted and starts quite early in life. Beyond this there is no memory because remembering presupposes the existence of an *ego* which has the feeling of some kind — no matter how vague — of identity.

The preservation of an undisturbed feeling of identity depends on a continuously progressive, integrative process during the distinct phases of personality development: infancy, early childhood, adolescence, early adulthood and adulthood, each characterized by biologically determined changes in the person's physical, emotional, and intellectual capacity.

Each new phase of development is considered an identity-crisis requiring new integrative tasks to include the changing libidinal forces and the changing expectations of the environment upon the growing individual into a harmonious unit which is perceived as a distinct *self*.

In adolescence such an identity-crisis is very noticeable: a yet emotionally unprepared ego has to cope with the impact of the biologically reinforced sexual impulses that are symptomatic of puberty. Suddenly a mature body, almost overnight, is entrusted to an inexperienced ego. At the same time, the adolescent is confronted with an environment which considers him almost an adult. And has new expectations of him. From lack of experience, the adolescent feels most insecure.

Such transitory identity-crises during the process of ego maturation are easily overcome under stable external conditions to be found only in countries with old civilizations. In the United States of America, on the other hand, cultural traditions, in a strict sense, do not exist. The only behavioral demands American society makes on the individual citizen is conformity to the life pattern of the Anglo majority. And it is exactly at this point where the identity-crisis of members of minority groups have been provoked.

The constant influx of foreign-born parents has been a consistent feature of the American scene, a factor that has been recognized by such anthropologists as Margaret Mead as a particular danger to psychological maturation. Second-generation children, especially among European immigrants, can't take their parents as models of accepted *Anglo behavior*. They must experiment by trying to imitate their Anglo peers who, in the majority of cases, hesitate to accept them completely and never let them forget that *your parents speak English with a foreign accent!*

RETRATO DE UN BATO LOCO



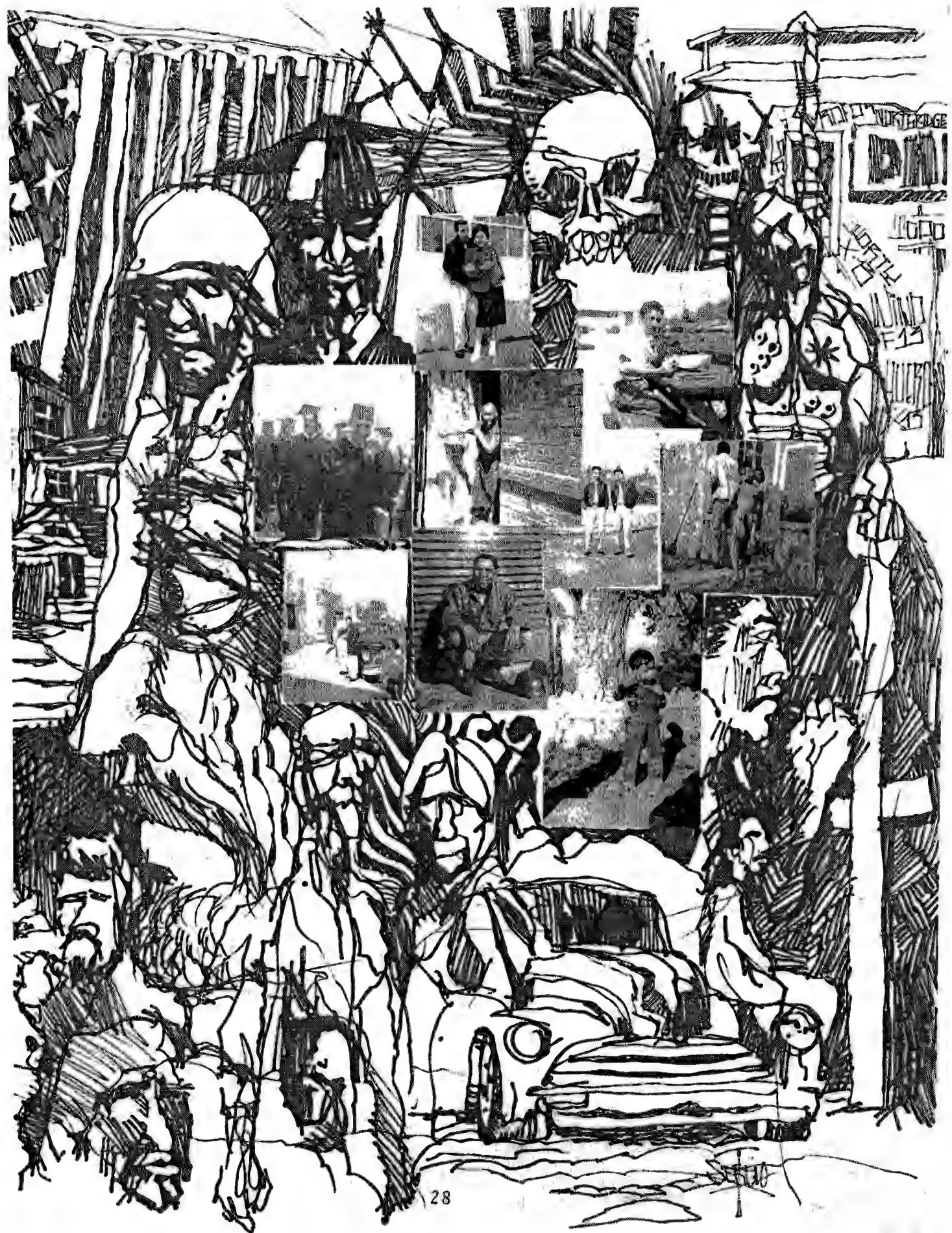
In the case of Chicanos we can't speak of immigrants, because historically speaking, it is the Anglos who have immigrated into the states of Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, Arizona and California. And instead of adjusting to the prevalent Indio-Hispano civilization, they colonized the native population and treated them as *racially inferior and second-class citizens*. As a consequence of that shameless confiscation of the American Southwest by the Anglo immigrants, the personal and racial identity of the Chicano, during the last century, has been seriously and constantly threatened.

The Chicano child does not have to wait for the advent of puberty to undergo the ordinary identity-crisis caused by sudden physical maturation without emotional preparedness. His ego identity is already threatened when he enters Elementary School where the English language is compulsory and where he is given to understand that Spanish is a *foreign, un-American* idiom which he must forget in order to think, talk and behave like an Anglo-American, in order to be — not accepted, but rather — tolerated by his Anglo teachers and fellow-pupils. Thus, at the age of six, the Chicano child is precipitated into the worst identity-crisis that can happen to a person, at such an early age. The impact of the crudely condescending attitude of Anglo teachers on the helpless Chicano child can be of traumatic intensity and become the cause of a life-long, severe identity-crisis with all its psychological complications resulting in *dropping-out* at a pre-puberty age, in delinquency, and drug-addiction, and all the other symptoms of emotional insecurity.

In order to understand the magnitude of the average Chicano's loss of identity, one must compare the characteristics of the centuries old Mexican civilization with those of Anglo-American society. I intentionally use the term *society*, because the United States of America confuses the instruments of civilization with civilization itself. A people may possess all the gadgets of civilization such as banks, industrial enterprises, newspapers, radio, television, washing machines and garbage disposals and yet remain uncivilized; whereas so-called primitive peoples, such as many American and Mexican Indian tribes and certain *backward* oriental peoples, might have none of these gadgets and yet be highly civilized. The Chicano, whose identity has been continually threatened, instinctively recognizes the Anglo society's lack of genuine civilization, not to speak of a lack of *culture* — culture which is an exaltation of the human spirit, *el alma*, the soul of a people.

Anglo-American society, or shall we say, the American Way of Life, is based on a soulless philosophy which may be called *economism*; it interprets the purpose of human life in terms of the production, acquisition and distribution of wealth. The French economist, Michel Chevalier (1806-1879), who visited the United States early in the 19th century, said that "American society has the morale of an army on the march;" the morale of the looter. The German economist, Theodor Lüdecke, defined *Americanism* as "the economic instinct raised in all departments of private and public life to its highest power." Whenever the U. S. has undertaken to help underdeveloped peoples, it never has concerned itself with beauty, intellect or spiritual values, but it has concerned itself with better material living conditions. This is called the pursuit of happiness. And, although the Anglo immigrants conquered and occupied and industrialized all the land between the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans, they have not found happiness.





The Chicano, who does not conceive of *culture* as the pursuit of material happiness, noticed quite early that the center of the Anglo-American's life was an empty waste similar to the continental wilderness he had so greedily colonized. Of a real *inner life*, despite the often exaggerated religious and sociological enthusiasm, the Anglo possesses only a ready-made cliché. Most of his science, art and sophisticated amusement came straight from Europe. The best American writers always dreamed of something America did not offer. They often died abroad of severed roots, or remained to suffer and blaspheme. The American mass-man never found happiness and began to confuse it with *fun*. Although the great Mexican poet and thinker, Octavio Páz speaks of *The Labyrinth of Solitude* in the Mexican psyche, he is well aware of the psychological loneliness of the average Anglo-American who, more and more, manifests this in psycho-neurotic symptoms. The purely materialistic ambition of the *pioneer* survives in contemporary Anglo thinking: "Better a new continent — or a new planet — to conquer and colonize than an empty mind to fill!"

The tragedy of the Anglo-American's lack of identity is final, while the Chicano's loss of cultural identity is only temporary. What was lost can be regained. When we speak of the *cultural heritage* of the Chicano, we should think mainly in *psychological* terms. The Mexican, in contrast to the Anglo, has always been what the social psychologist, David Riesman, calls an *inner-directed* person.

According to Riesman, the inner-directed person is one who possesses a well-defined stable internal organization of principles and values which govern his behavior. This gives such a person a relative independence from the changing attitudes and expectations of others. It goes hand-in-hand with a feeling of identity, as with a person who takes himself for granted and is not disturbed by constant doubts about his goals, values and internal problems, and is not constantly occupied in comparing himself to others. Such a person's attention can be fully absorbed by goals and strivings toward causes which lie outside of him; he can afford the luxury of healthy extroversion, devotion to things beyond his personal concerns. He can successfully incorporate and integrate *traditional cultural values* with his own individual propensities. He does not need to be preoccupied with the ways of a good life; these were given to him through identifications with parents and peers, each corresponding to his chronological and emotional age. He acquired them during a relatively undisturbed process of mental growth.

The so-called *other-directed* person is typified by the modern Anglo-American. He is constantly challenged to make adjustments; in fact, his life is spent in finding his place; he can never accept himself as he is; he does not know who he is, since his self was never crystallized. Because he remains a problem to himself, he must constantly watch others. All his cues come from outside. He has none of his own. He is always on the go, always searching without ever knowing what he is after. His energies are absorbed by the continuous, never-ending problem of adjustment, because no adjustment he makes is supposed to last for long in the restless Anglo society. Because of his social mobility, he continuously changes his obs, his occupation, his marriages and his social environment. He depends more than the inner-directed person on chance and opportunities. Because his life does not follow a design which is the expression of a traditional value system modified by his unique self, there is less continuity in his self-awareness.



Today he is this and tomorrow something else, not only in his occupation but in his own personality.

The arduous job of adjusting to an ever-changing human environment consumes all of his energies. Consequently, there is little left for creativity, for solid relationships; for devotion to causes that lie outside of himself. His principal occupation is to get along with others. Neurotic or psychotic disintegration of personality is only one of the outcomes of this constant unsuccessful struggle to find a balance between a lacking identity and a changing environment. This is the reason why the other-directed Anglo is not capable of cultivating cultural values, and, even less, of identifying with a distinct cultural group. All he is able to identify with are the colorless masses whose sole purpose of life is the amassing of wealth for the mere sake of doing so. In Anglo-American society the human individual is reduced to a cog in the social machinery. For such a society the uniqueness of the individual is useless; hence, it prefers to deal with him in terms of a *social role* and not in terms of the development of a distinct personality with the capacity to realize unique potentialities.

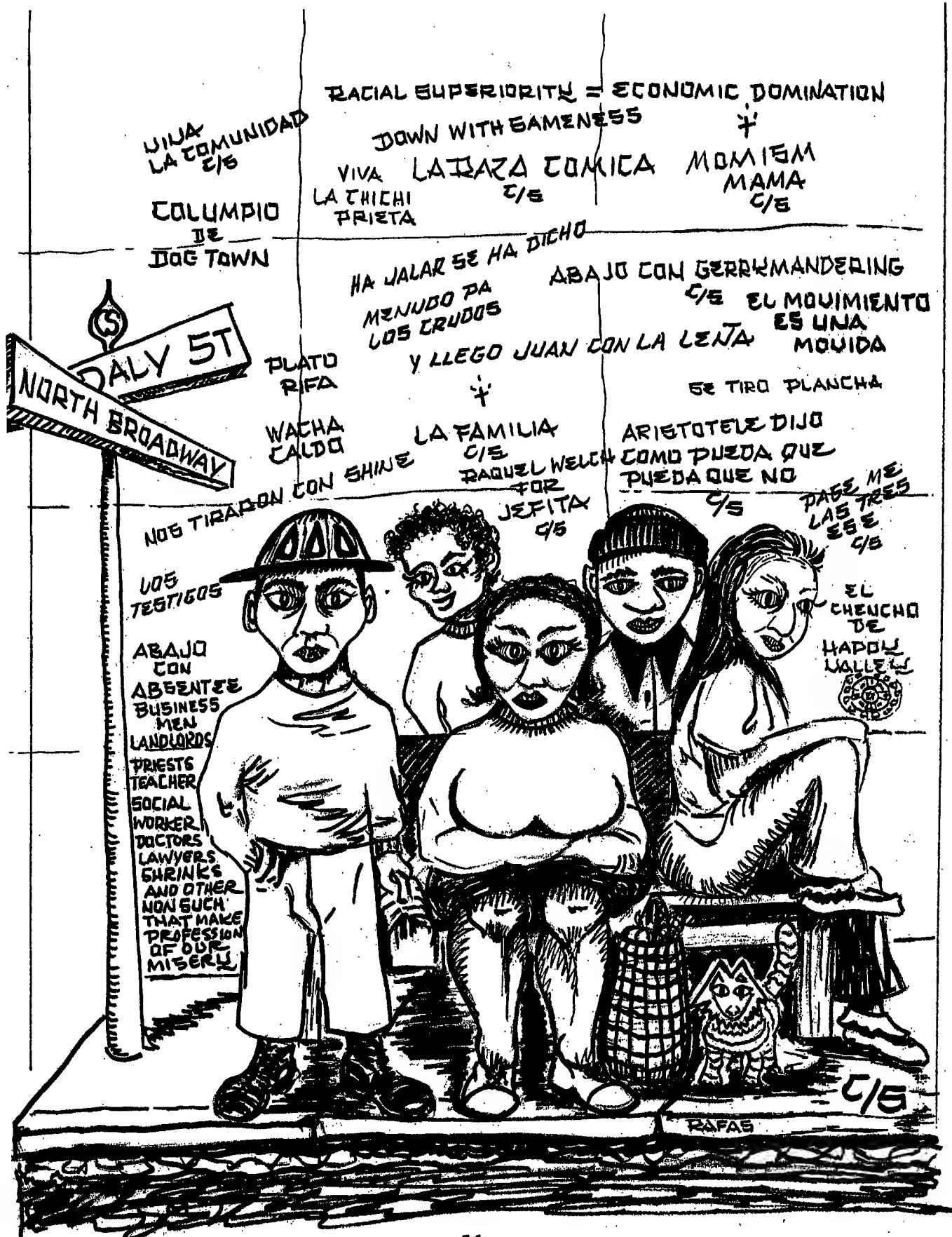
The instinctive protest of the Chicano against such a society is caused by its emphasis on *adjustment* and utility instead of creativity, the polar opposite of adjustment. To be creative means to produce something which is not yet in existence; adjustment means to accept and to conform with what is already here.

The Chicano knows that the nearer man comes to acquiring wealth, the more he undermines the foundations of a meaningful existence in which materialistic goals are not ultimate aims but *only means by which he can remain human*. Therefore, in order to regain and retain his cultural identity, the Chicano protests not only against exposing his children to teachers who believe that the English language and the white race are God's gift to the world, but chiefly against an *other-directed* society whose members have no identity of their own and will never be able to acquire one unless they realize that the human spirit, *el alma*, alone creates culture. The primitive Indian's distrust of the white man's machines and his computerized society stems from an ancient, inherently instinctual truth that happiness does not come from the possession of things, but from self-knowledge, from realizing the union of the individual self with the cosmic self. Or, as Jesus said to the Pharisees: "The kingdom of heaven cometh not with observation . . . It is neither here, nor there; for behold, the kingdom of heaven is *within you . . . !*"

Modern psychology would express this by speaking of an *integrated personality*, of a person who knows his real identity that embraces everything created and uncreated. Man as a spiritual being goes beyond organized religion, beyond dogma and creeds. Although the Chicano knows that the body has to be fed, housed and clothed, he feels his identity with the spirit and declares with pride: *Por mi raza habla el espíritu!*

C/S

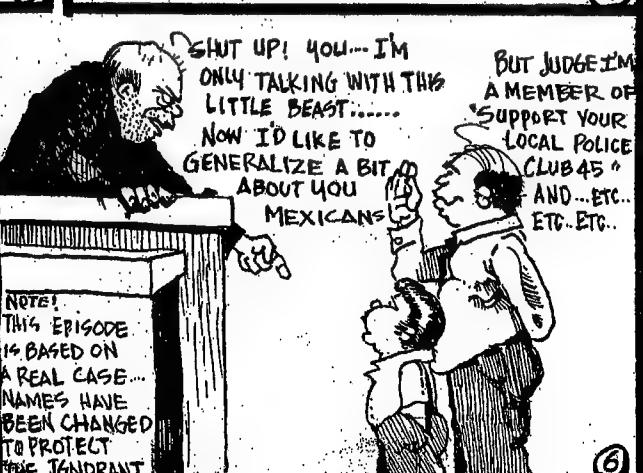
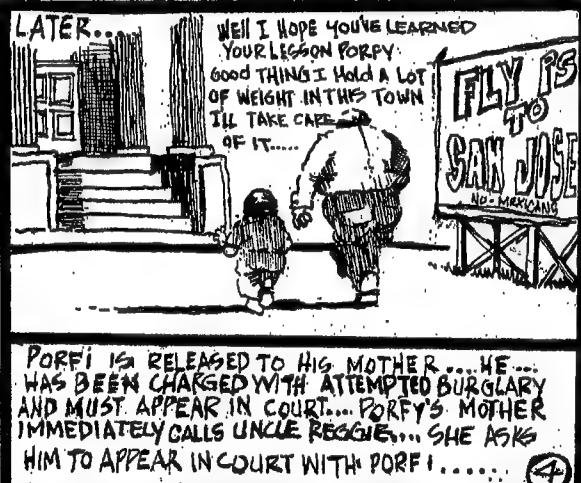




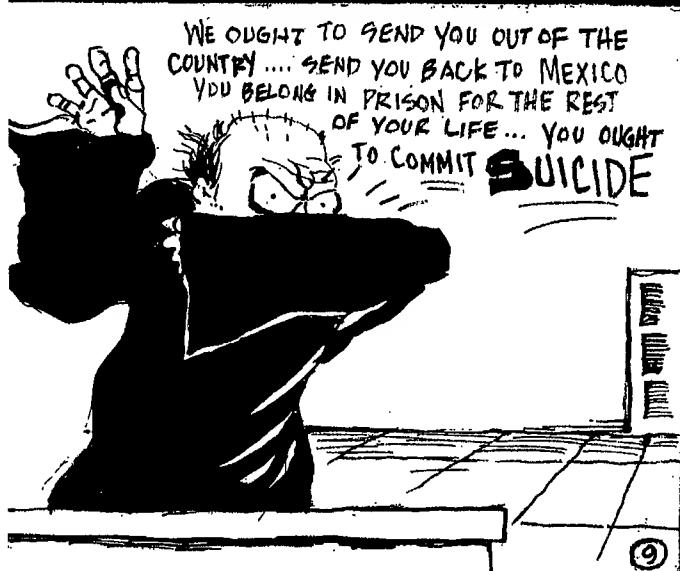
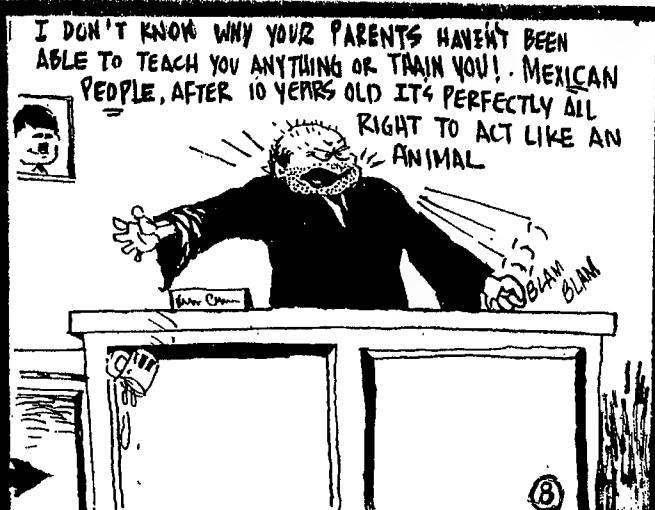
A Pore and Porfi

Porfi

by SERGIO HERNANDEZ



PORFI'S LUCK ISN'T WITH HIM TODAY... HE WILL HAVE TO GO BEFORE OLD JUDGE CHARGUM!"

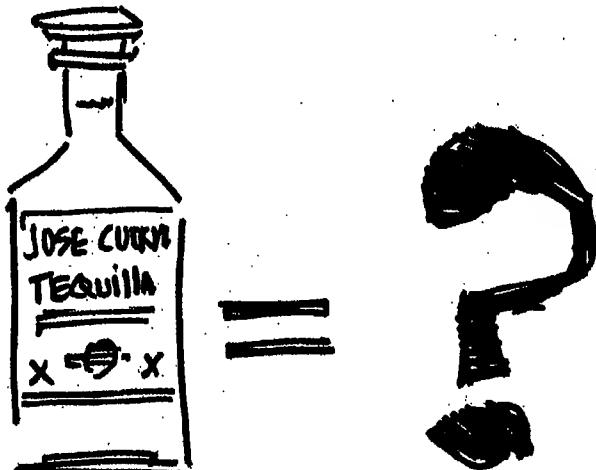


BARRIOLOGY EXAM

BY ANTONIO GÓMEZ
C/5, PHD, BARRIOLOGIST EMERITUS



1. What does the barrio sidewalk mechanic utilize to support his car above ground? _____
2. What does the barrio mechanic use to remove grease from his hands after completing his task? _____
3. What is the greatest single cause of interruptions in street games? _____
4. If someone is said to be *encañicado*, it means that he is
 - A. disguised.
 - B. a marble fetishist.
 - C. in love.
 - D. in jail.
5. If you have a cough, what medicine will your *abuelita* be most likely to prescribe?
 - A. limonada con miel.
 - B. pulmotol.
 - C. gordo lobo.
 - D. all of the above.
6. According to your *abuelita*, soon after taking a shower or bath you should not
 - A. go to a wake.
 - B. get a haircut.
 - C. cut your nails.
 - D. A & B.
7. *Menudo* is made from tripe, which is
 - A. the cow's stomach.
 - B. the cow's flank.
 - C. horse meat.
 - D. mutton.



8. Martinis and olives go like tequila and _____

9. Barrio folklore has it that a disobedient daughter who went dancing against her parents' wishes ended up being killed by _____

10. Chile is to *molcajete* as tortilla is to _____

11. According to barrio beliefs, if you raise your hand against your parents you will suffer what fate? *Solo* _____

12. A male child in the barrio who is crying would be comforted by being told, _____

13. A few years ago the cool dudes were wearing *county's* which were _____

14. A constant threat to Mexican illegal residents is

- A. the draft board.
- B. car dealers.
- C. *la brisa*.
- D. *la migra*.

15. Most Mexican males who entered the U.S.A. in the 20th century started working here in what two occupations?

16. *Bolo* refers to what tradition of the barrio?

17. According to those who know, the best cure for a hangover is _____

18. Among other things, married men are entitled the privilege of having extramarital affairs, true or false?

19. If a female is said to be *cherry* it implies

- A. that she is a quick score.
- B. that she is a lesbian.
- C. that she still has her hymen intact.
- D. that she is frigid.

20. Everyone knows that Juan Charrasquiado's death was caused by _____

21. What is the objective in the children's game of *kick the can*? _____

22. A child who gets his *domingo* is receiving _____

23. When a baby, in the act of being breast fed, bites his mother's nipple, the mother will respond in what manner in order to get the child to release? _____

24. If you're going to steal gasoline from parked cars, what two items should you take along? *rubber tubes* _____

25. Cans of spray paint are used by some barrio youth for what two purposes?

26. In order to get relief for a sprained foot or hand, one should call the local _____

27. The principal activity in all-male gatherings in the barrio is _____; whereas, all female gatherings center around _____

28. *Apuntemelo en el librito* and BankAmericard have what in common?

THE CONSISTENT INCONSISTENCY



OF THE CHURCH

The role of the Holy Roman Catholic Church in the western hemisphere has consistently been identified with power interests, and history has shown that the Church's political position is all too often not in the better interest of the people. Thus, it is suggested that the established power of the Catholic Church on the right is juxtaposed against the powerless people on the left.

Since the Inquisition the Church has supported the Spanish government's suppressive measures. This alliance of church and state was reaffirmed in and for the conquest of the New World, and continues to the present day.

The Church came to the new world as a conquering aristocracy to create a new empire for Rome and for Spain. It came for the salvation of the Church, and not for the salvation of the indigenous people of the land. The Church-State conquered these people, and then built its empire on their enslaved souls and bodies.

In Mexico, the Church denounced *Los Padres Hidalgo* and *Morelos* in support of the Spanish government. Although the Mexican revolution of 1810 was inspired by these two priests, the Church condemned their efforts. They were excommunicated and executed by arrangement of the Church-State, Hidalgo in 1811 and Morelos in 1815.

Later, the Church supported the rule of Maximilian and the French in the 1860's against Benito Juarez, his *leyes de reforma*, and the people.

And still again, the church supported the thirty year dictatorship of Porfirio Diaz against the people's revolution of 1910 which was represented by leaders such as Pancho Villa and Emiliano Zapata.

In recent times we have the Church blatantly defending dictators throughout the western hemisphere. There was Peron in Argentina, now deposed. There was Batista in Cuba, now deposed, Trujillo in La Republica Dominicana, also deposed; and Strausner in Paraguay. Thus, the Church has long identified with the ruling oligarchies of many Latin countries, and when members of the clergy attempt to initiate social and economic reform, they are suppressed. A case in point is that of Padre Camilio Torres of Colombia. He was one of Latin America's leading sociologists when the Catholic Church and the Colombian government forced him into exile for advocating social reform. He was eventually killed by government troops.

The Church in supporting the ruling oligarchies of most western hemisphere nations has acquired huge land holdings in these countries, including the United States. This assures the Church a significant role in the power structure of these countries, and impedes any sort of land or social reform for the people.

This historical purview indicates that the Church has

failed to go to the people, but instead has forced the people to come submissively to it. And today, *nuestra Raza* of the Southwest United States is continuing this long tradition of humble and respectful servitude to their church; *pero hay señas de cambio*.

The need for educational reform is obvious, but the Church has done nothing. Rather, it has compounded the problems by excluding under-achievers or youngsters presenting behavioral problems from its own schools. It has fostered bigotry to the point wherein a Catholic town, Cicerro, Wisconsin, turned with violence and hatred against Rev. Martin Luther King in his civil rights activities.

Our Catholic colleges have very few Chicanos, yet the penitentiaries have a large percentage of Chicanos. The Church has again remained silent on the need for any penal or law reform, or the need for more relevant college curriculum or the need for a *social-outreach* to the barrios of the southwest.

La huelga struggle of Cesar Chavez for the farm workers is a labor reform movement that has been ignored by the Church. Rather than supporting the people in this movement, the Cardinal of the Los Angeles Archdiocese has attempted vigorously to silence the Catholic clergy on this matter.

Thus the same struggle appears to continue in this day with our own people, the Church allied with the established powers against the people. And we suggest, therefore, that it is not the stereotyped Mexican who sleeps beneath the cactus, but the Church dreaming its high ideals which are seldom brought to earth. The Church, it seems, has unfortunately chosen to emulate Christ's words while conveniently forgetting his deeds. It is indeed a church of words and little action.

Christ was the best of revolutionaries, and if he were walking the streets of Los Angeles today, the present cardinal would almost certainly not support his relevant and dynamic form of Christianity. This should not be the Catholic way.

Accordingly, the Church is going to have to change. It is going to have to awaken from its slumber beneath the cactus. It is going to have to start following the example of Christ, and start becoming the *living Christ*. It is going to have to show its people the way here on earth; it is going to have to meet the worldly issues head-on. It is going to have to stand firmly at the present day *Stations of the Cross*, and be willing to be crucified for the people. Not until it moves in this direction will there be any hope for the Church as a living institution. It needs meaningful relevance to the present lives of the People in order to exist.

RODOLFO SALINAS

5/5

The classifying term for this calendar is "CUAUHxicalli" (eagle's bowl), but it is universe deity. On this huge basaltic monolith, having an approximate weight of 25 tons, the Aztec corner of the Zocalo (the main square) of the City of Mexico, on December 17 th., 1760. Afterwards it was taken to the Metropolitan Cathedral and placed on the west wall of the It's transfer to the National Museum of Archaeology and History. During the reign of the 6th deity, the sun, which has both a mythological and astronomical character.

Ehecatonatiuh (Sun of Wind), "second epoch, at the end of which humanity was destroyed by strong winds, the gods transformed human beings into apes, in order that they might cling better and not be carried away by the hurricanes, thus originating the similarity between the human race and the simians . . ." This was because large forests had been found razed by tornadoes.

Tonatiuh's face (the face of the sun) who was the Lord of heaven, around which ear-rings, and necklace, are most luxurious and are the ornaments proper of wrinkles on the face were to show great maturity or age; and the tongue, like and human hearts.

The sign Xiuhuitzolli (symbol of the East), coat of arms which was placed on the corpses of the noblemen and brave warriors for their funerals.

1st. day Cipactli (crocodile)

The sign Tlachinolli (flaming sign) in each of the segments of the two xiucoatlis (fire serpents)

2nd. day Ehecatl (wind)

A bundle of herbs with flower buds

3rd. day Calli (house)

The "V" figures are the signs of solar light beams.

4th. day Cuetzpallin (lizard)

The claws of the sun god, with which it is supposed to be suspended in space; they have a chalchihuite bracelet, eye and eye-brow, and a human heart between the nails.

5th. day Coatl (snake)

Flames of intense fire at the backs of the xiucoatlis (fire serpents)

6th. day Miquiztli (death)

Quiauhlonatiuh (Sun of fire rain), "Third cosmogonic epoch, in which everything was extinguished by the rain of lava and fire. Men were transformed at this time into birds, thus saving themselves from the slaughter..." They justified this belief due to the many signs of volcanic activities in our territory and also on account of the discovery of huts and skeletons under layers of lava and ashes.

7th. Mazatl (deer)

8th. day Tochtli (rabbit)

9th. day Atl (water)

10th. day Ilcuintli (dog)

Xiuhotecuhtli (God of the turquoise), represented here as god of night. The nose pendant and the ear-ring are the ornaments proper of this deity; the face half covered with a veil, signifying night darkness. It has a tongue like an obsidian knife and turned outwards as in a constant struggle with Tonatiuh (the Sun) whom he fought for the duration of the night.

Nahui - Olin (Sun of earthquake)fifth epoch in their solar age; it means the next and last destruction of human life in the world. This symbol is used here as a frame for the central signs.

Snout over the xiacoatl's head with the seven signs of the constellation of the pleiades.

Head of the xiacoatl with eye, eye-brow, teeth and fangs, like a fantastic dragon with open gullet.

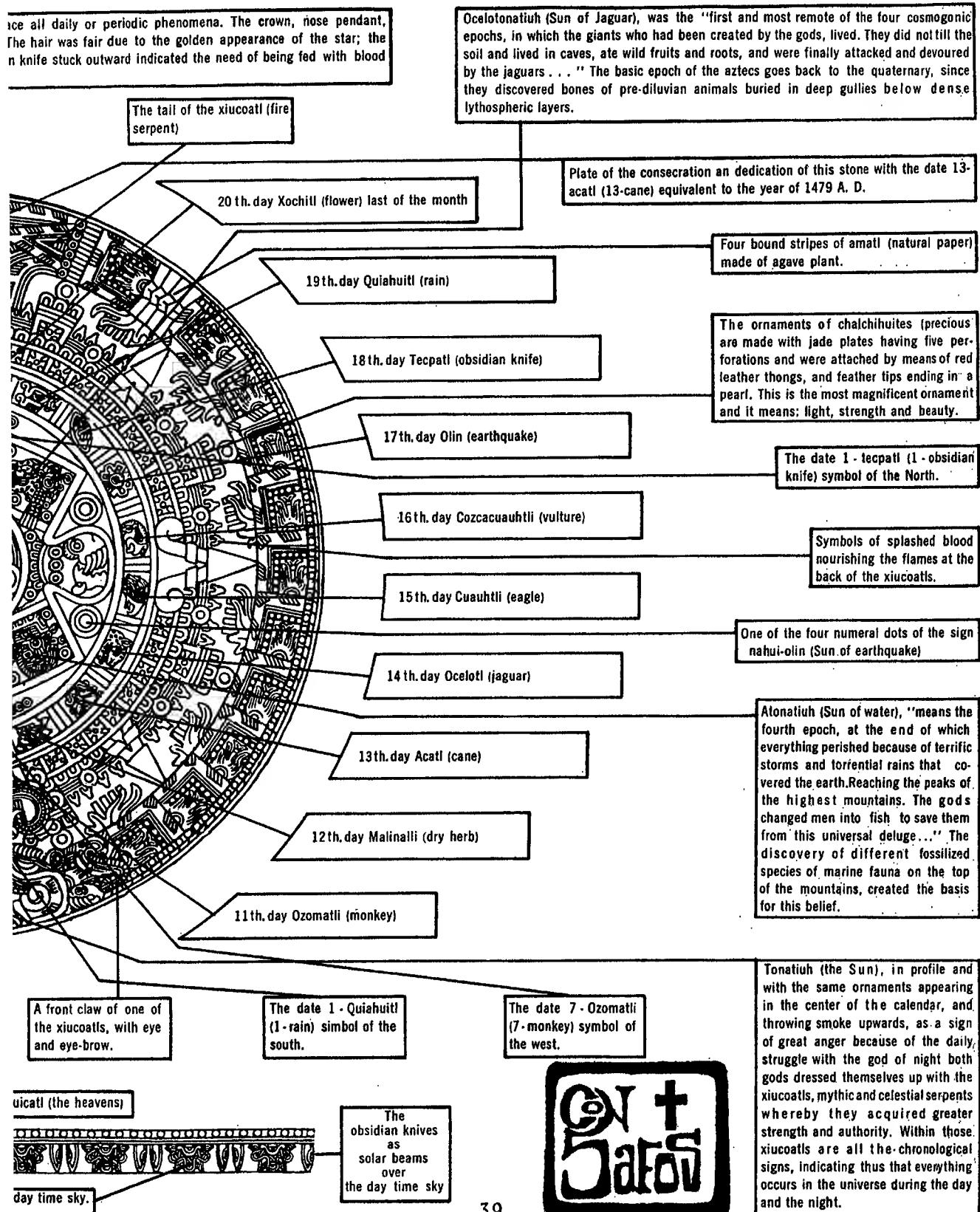
The stars over the night sky

On the border of the stone are the

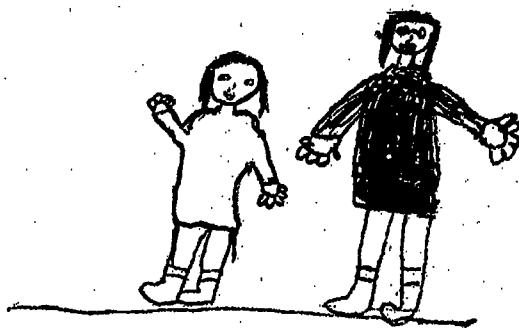
The sign of the planet Ve

is the Aztec Calendar, or sun stone, as the monument was dedicated to this as carved. Its diameter is 3.60 meters. It was found buried on the South-East of New Spain at the time was Don Joaquin de Monserrat, Marquis of Crullas. It remained until the year of 1885, when President General Porfirio Diaz ordered arch, Axayacatl, it was that this stone was carved and dedicated to their principal

ice all daily or periodic phenomena. The crown, nose pendant, The hair was fair due to the golden appearance of the star; the knife stuck outward indicated the need of being fed with blood



OPERATION ADVENTURE

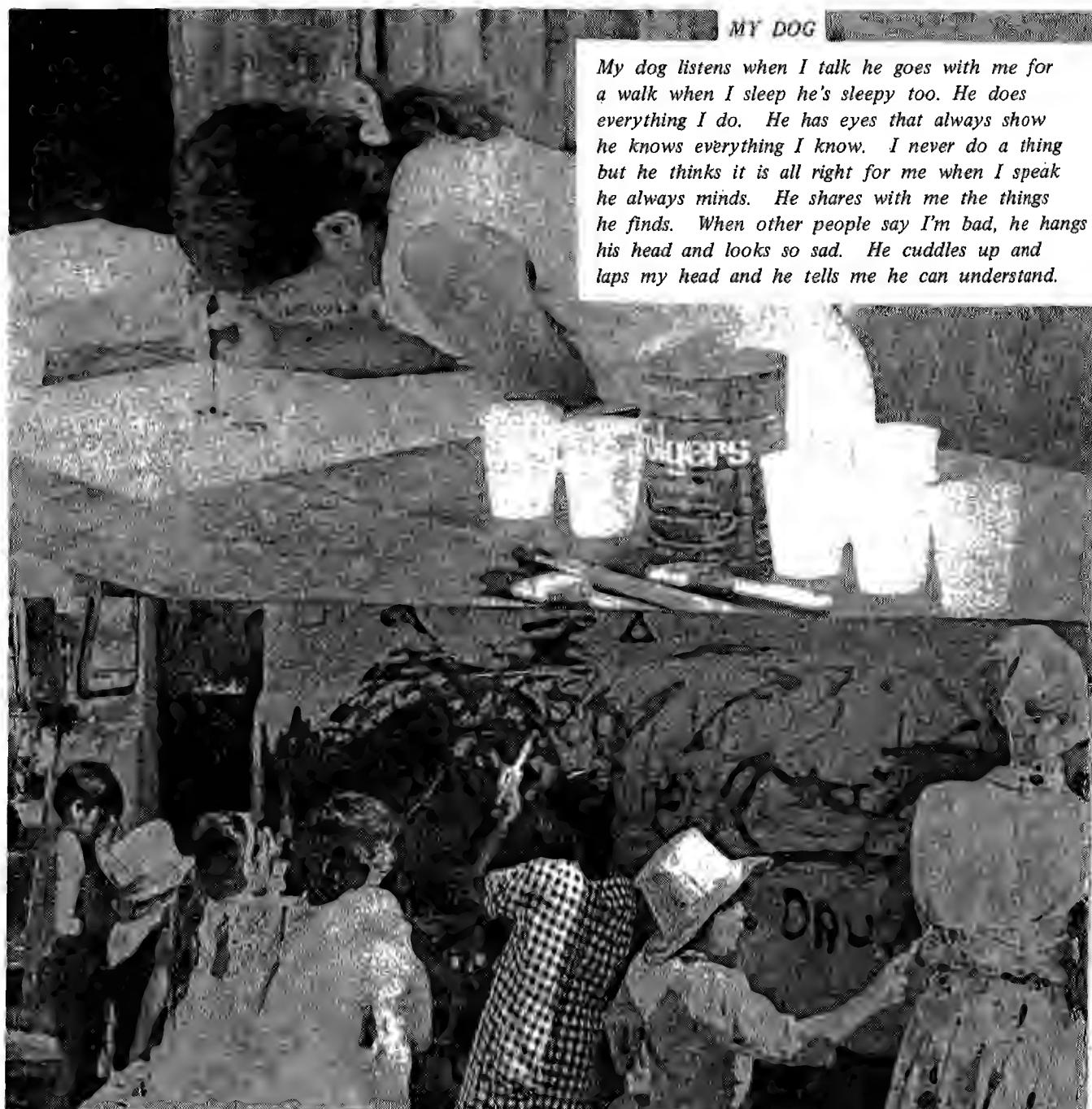


WHILE LISTENING TO MILES DAVIS

I would like to be walking down the beach at night with nobody around me, and wondering where I will be tomorrow. I hear the sounds of little children cry, and I hear the sound of someone calling me. I look around but I see no one. Then I see a shadow, a shadow that I never seen before. It was coming closer to me and every time it kept coming to me it was getting darker and bigger. Then I asked the Holy Spirit to protect me, suddenly I saw a big white bird coming toward me, then the angel disappeared. The bird took me in his wings and brought me home, he took me to my bed and I was already asleep. Then the next day I couldn't remember what had happened.

Anna Rojas





MY DOG

My dog listens when I talk he goes with me for a walk when I sleep he's sleepy too. He does everything I do. He has eyes that always show he knows everything I know. I never do a thing but he thinks it is all right for me when I speak he always minds. He shares with me the things he finds. When other people say I'm bad, he hangs his head and looks so sad. He cuddles up and laps my head and he tells me he can understand.

Once upon a time there was this pencil who had just been made. And the other pencils were being sold very fast. But the pencil did not want to be sold because someone would sharpen him and sharpen him and he would be thrown away. And then just then a man walked in and bought him and exactly what he thought was going to happen happened.

THE END.

Pico Shooting

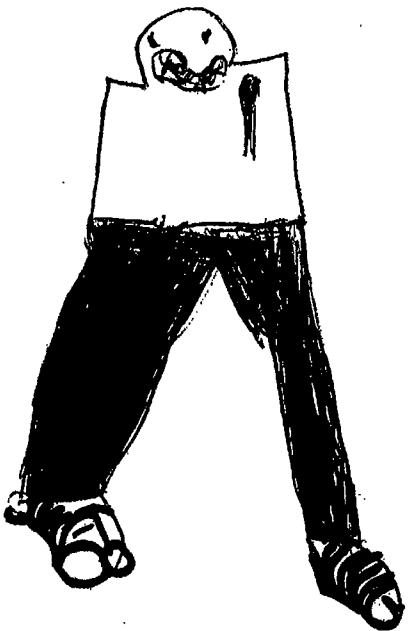
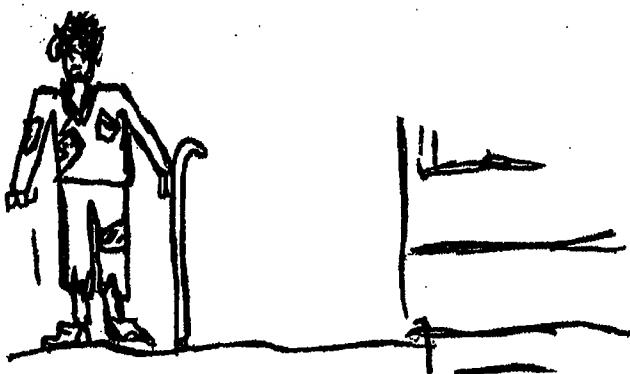
On Monday night a police got shot at pico Gardens no one was ther but a laly name Martha she told the other police men what was going on so the police chase the boy they shot the boy at Opertion Adventure when he came down he tried to shoot the police man but they got him before he could get them they shot him 5 time in the back but when they took him to the hospital they found out there was 4 bullets.

The shooting of the Cop

One Tuesday August 19, 1969, a cop was called to A area in Poco Gardens at the 500 block of south Gless St. when they got there a group of kids saw the light and all scattered all over the place the two cops spread out and one of the guys chased a guy and then the other guy heared screams for held and then heard two gun shots and he ran to the other guy and saw him lying on the ground. then someone jumped at him and shot but missed. He called the ambulance and other cops and they all were around Poco Gardens and the Internation Instute and broke windows and doors.

Alfred Byran was shot off the building in back of Opertion Adventure on 435 S. Boyle Ave. by a police man. He booked on the case of a murder. Alfred (known as Bear) shot a L.A. police three time in the back. The policemans name was Jerry Maddox, he is 26 years old, has a wife no kids Jerry was taken to a hospital. He died before the ambalance got to him.

by the newspaper class



POEMS

Sandals are fun to wear they make your feet
feel cool in the air! They really turn me on when I
have them on I really dig them and my sandals dig
me, so me and my sandles do alot of scandals

Written by Toni Elizondo

There was a boy. His name was Lazy Jack Pumpkinhead. He had a machine that was a bed. From the bed it went to the bathtub. From the bathtub it went to the dryer. From there it went to a place where his clothes were hanging up. He had a machine that fed him. And he had long big stairs. And he had to climb all the way to his bed. It was raining that night and the telephone pole got all messed up. The next morning the machines didn't work and he slept for four days and four hours. And when he woke up he wiggled to try to make the thing work. He kept trying but it did not work and he went back to sleep. When he woke up he went into the bathtub upside down. He got his clothes upside down too. And when he got his clothes on his pants were on his hands and his sailor suit was on his legs. And the machine was feeding his feet. And his face got red. He was hungry and he learned not to be lazy anymore. And that's all!!

5/5

ANSWERS.

Answers to C/S Barriology Examination on pages 34 and 35.

1. The strongest most portable construction — milk crates.
2. The most accessible cheap grease remover — gasoline.
- 3 Motor vehicles.
4. C. in love (barrio slang).
5. D. all are known in barrio medicinal lore.
6. A. go to a wake. This is based on the belief that one's pores are open after a bath and the illness of the deceased can thus enter one's body.
7. A. the cow's stomach.
8. lemons.
9. her dance partner who was the devil in disguise.
10. comal — the flat, sideless skillet used to bake the tortilla.
11. Your hand will wither.
12. *los hombres no lloran* — men don't cry.
13. blue jeans similar to those issued by the L.A. County Youth Detention Centers.
14. D. *La migra* — the U.S. Federal Immigration Service officials who disregard due process of law in their daily manhunts.
15. *En la pista y en el traje* — as farm workers or as railroad laborers.
16. *Bolo* refers to the tradition of the godfather throwing money, immediately after a baptismal ceremony, to the children outside the church.
17. *menudo* — a soup dish containing tripe, hominy, red chile, onion, coriander, and oregano.
18. Barrio logic allows for contradiction therefore the answer is both true and false.
19. C. a cherry is a virgin in barrio slang.
20. a group of men who jumped him in a cantina and shot him.
21. *Kick the can* is essentially a hide-and-seek game. The can is placed on the ground, and if it is kicked by a hiding player the captured players are released.
22. his allowance. Domingo literally means Sunday. It is the day children have traditionally received their weekly allowance.
23. She will gently squeeze his nose, forcing the child to open his mouth in order to breathe.
24. You need a rubber hose and a container. Physics came to the barrio long before textbooks and it is known that with a piece of rubber tubing a flow of gasoline may be started from a car's gas tank into an empty container by sticking one end of the tubing into the gasoline and sucking on the other end.
25. Spray cans are used to paint on walls and to get high on by sniffing them. Paint sniffing causes damage to brain tissue. C/S recommends *carnales* lay off!
26. *sobador* or *sobadora* — a barrio person who's knowledgeable about muscle tissue and bones, and who will massage with different ointments.
27. Males gather to drink and females gather to gossip.
28. To *apuntarlo* is the barrio credit system. Contrary to popular belief, credit is not new in the barrios. It is only dormant and awaiting the technology of age to revitalize it.

RATE YOURSELF ON THE CON+SAFOS BARRIOLOGY QUOTIENT SCALE

Barriology Examination

Questions answered

correctly:

23 to 28

18 to 22

13 to 17

8 to 12

0 to 7

Chicano Barriologist, o *muy de aquellas.*

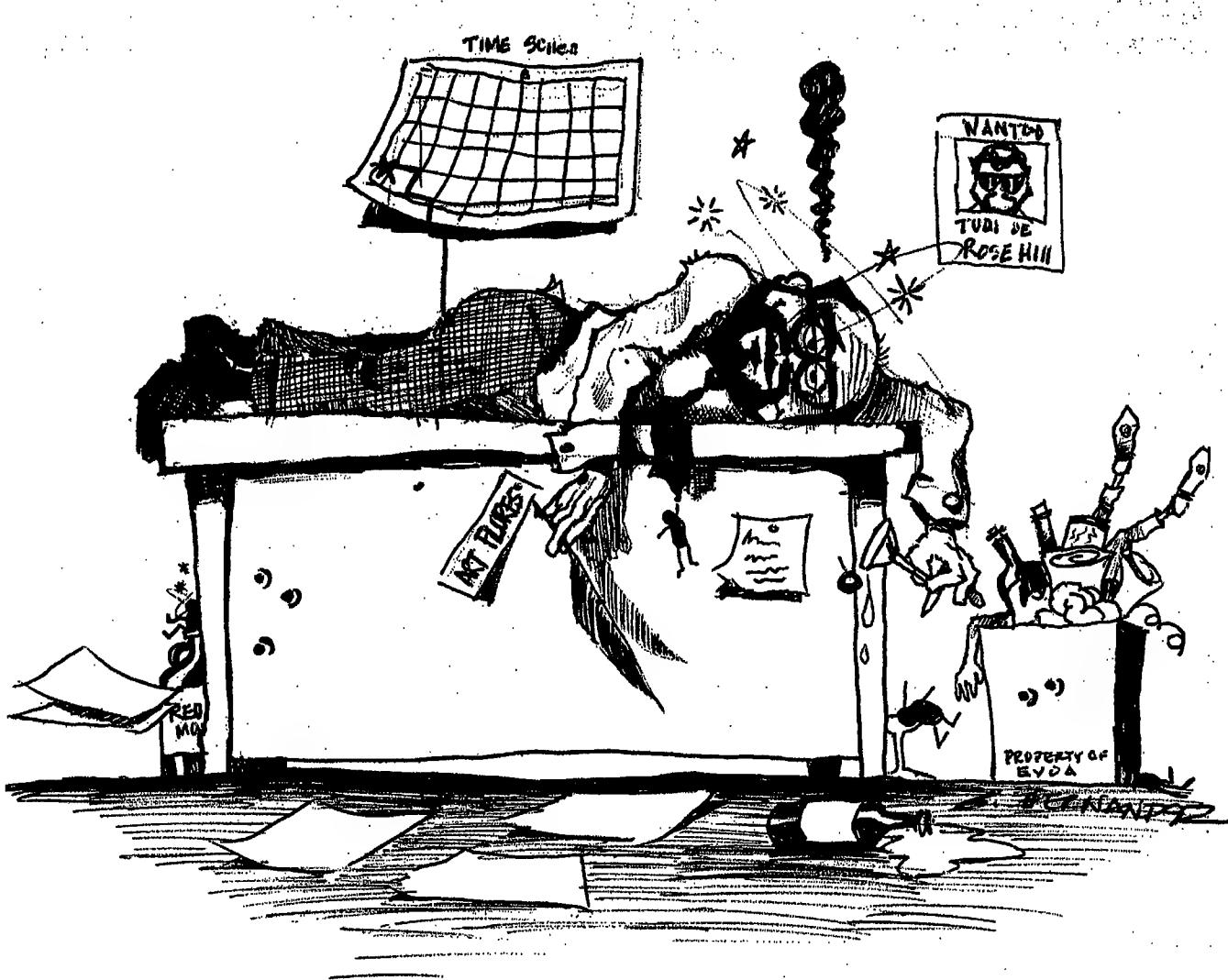
High Potential, o *ya casi*

Mexican-American, o *keep trying ese*

Vendido, o culturally deprived

Pendejo

5/5



EDITORIAL

The CON SAFOS emphasis is on the literary and aesthetic forms that most accurately reflect our barrios and our people in the barrios. Further, it is the C/S goal to help develop and formulate art forms that are truly ours. We have no literary genre that is our own. We have no body of visual arts that reflect our life experience. We have no theatre. We have no music. We have no defined or formalized aesthetics that delineate our ethnic relevance within the dominant culture of the United States. We are an ethnic group lost within a confusion of cultures and raging in silent agony with our own self-doubts.

This is all reflected in the multitude of socio-political problems that exist in our barrios today. The problems of our people, we can agree, are countless and quite serious. We are inundated by them in our daily barrio lives. The problems cannot be ignored. Now certainly C/S makes no claim to having the answers to our socio-political circumstances, and perhaps because of this, there are many who believe that C/S is simply avoiding the issues, and that such an aesthetic effort has little relevance.

The argument of these critics maintains that the validity of art depends upon its involvement in the socio-political issues of the time. But the weakness with these kinds of artistic attempts is that they lose their value as soon as the particular socio-political issues involved are no longer relevant; and even during the period that these expressions have meaning, they usually fail to deal, in depth, with the universal experiences of men, which are the aesthetic elements necessary for human growth. Although the socio-political problems dealt with are usually valid in their time and in their place, they are quickly lost when placed against the macrocosmic canvas of time.

Art is not then the creation of the ax grinding fiend or the drawing room dilettante. The quality of the aesthetic creation is related to the degree with which the artist can take, mould and formulate a true picture of a particular experience. He must absorb himself in the total experience and accept both good and evil, right and wrong in pursuit of truth. He must not preach, he must not moralize; he must not extol great virtues or great evils; he must not dictate answers or solve the world's problems; he cannot do any of these didactic or propagandistic things if he expects to express the soul of a people through the poetic manifestations of the art forms themselves.

Thus, the artist is the man who recreates human experience from an apolitical, asocial, amoral vantage point. This is the kind of aesthetic expression that has life, and through which history can know a culture and a people. But more important to our very existence, more important to the actual meaning of our lives is that the people from which an art is derived are the ones who receive the greatest benefit, because it is their being, their experience that is immortalized in the continuum of history.

So it is that the creation of art perpetuates, once and for all, the meaning of a particular human experience within the entire spectrum of human existence, but this requires a spiritual dimension not always present in the creation of aesthetic forms. The U. S. A., for example, is probably without peer in the creation of industrial aesthetics; however, these forms lack the spiritual dimension. They have no soul and simply express the functional economy that drives the nation.

Accordingly, we can easily see that not all cultures are capable of artistic creation, because the values and dimensions of particular cultures are not always relevant to the universal human experience. We must conclude then that a people without their own art forms fail to live in the spectrum of history, and that a people without clear and tangible art forms are a people with a doubtful culture; and a doubtful culture leads to a doubtful identity. Precisely here is where the greatest weakness of *nuestra gente* lies.

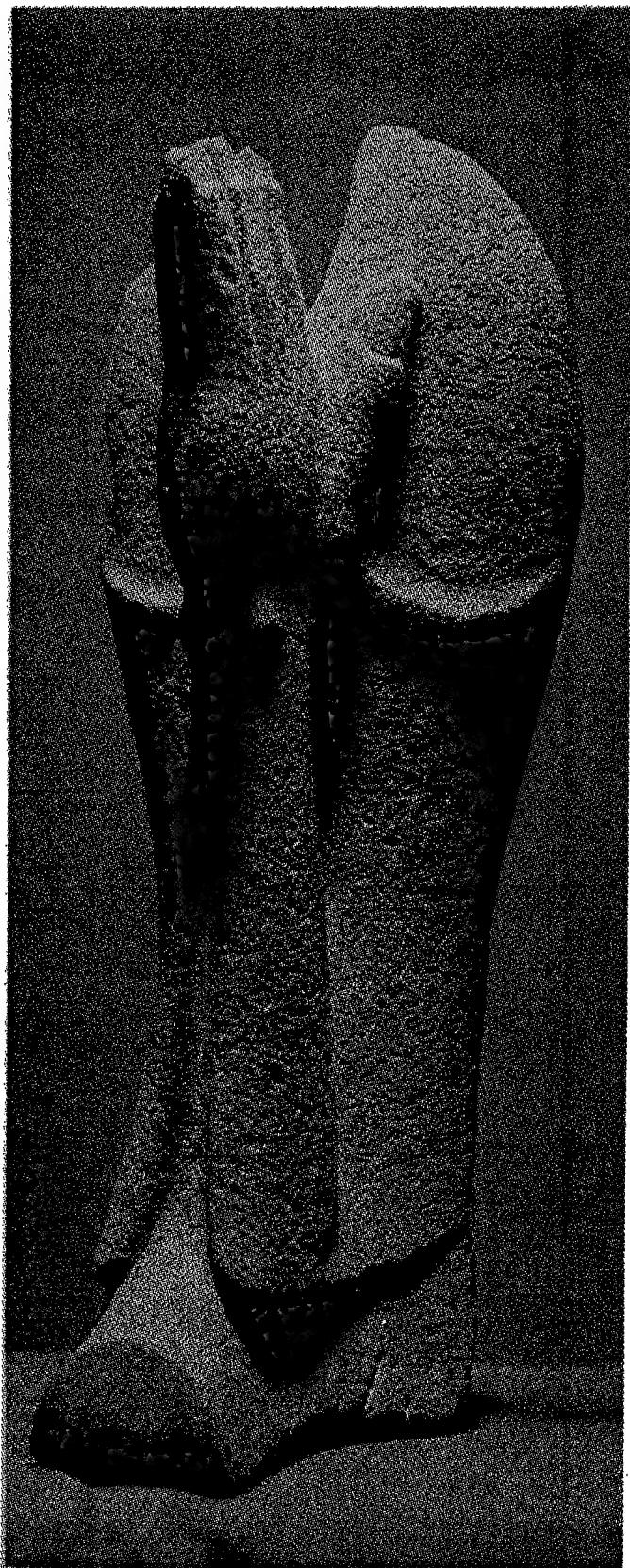
Therefore, it is not economic oppression that is going to destroy our people, and it is not political exploitation that will push us into assimilative oblivion, but our own lack of identifiable culture. Socio-economic advancement for our people without a cultural counterpart advancing concurrently, can only lead to dissolution and disappearance of our ethnic being. We have the spirituality for artistic creation, but we have not disciplined ourselves enough to create the art forms which would express that spirituality. Sadly, we must admit that we, residents of the barrios of the great southwest U. S., have no concrete aesthetic that we can point to and say, *es nuestro*.

This lack of an identifiable culture creates self-denial, feelings of inferiority and emotional insecurity. In our own ethnic group we see these symptoms manifested in the *vendido*, the drug user, the *bato loco*. And we have no one but ourselves to blame for losing these people, because we have failed to provide them with a culture, with values, with an identity.

The indications are obvious. If we attempt to meet the dominant society on its terms, we can only lose to it on its terms; but if we provide a culture with strength and character which can be, which must be expressed through our own art forms, then we can provide an indestructible ethnic pride which will allow us to meet any culture, any society on our terms. Then is when we shall have our own aesthetic experience. Then is when we shall truly feel, then is when we shall actually touch, then is when we shall surely know who we are and what we represent. But not until our art forms are thus created, crystallized and formalized can we assure ourselves of this ethnic relevance in the spectrum of human experience.

C/S is a hopeful step in that direction.

C/5



NUESTRAS MANOS ANTIGUAS were sculptured by the Totonac Indians of Veracruz during the first or second century. The Totonacs, along with the Huastecs and the Olmecs, are predecessors of the Maya, and their art is thought to be directly related to Classic Maya.

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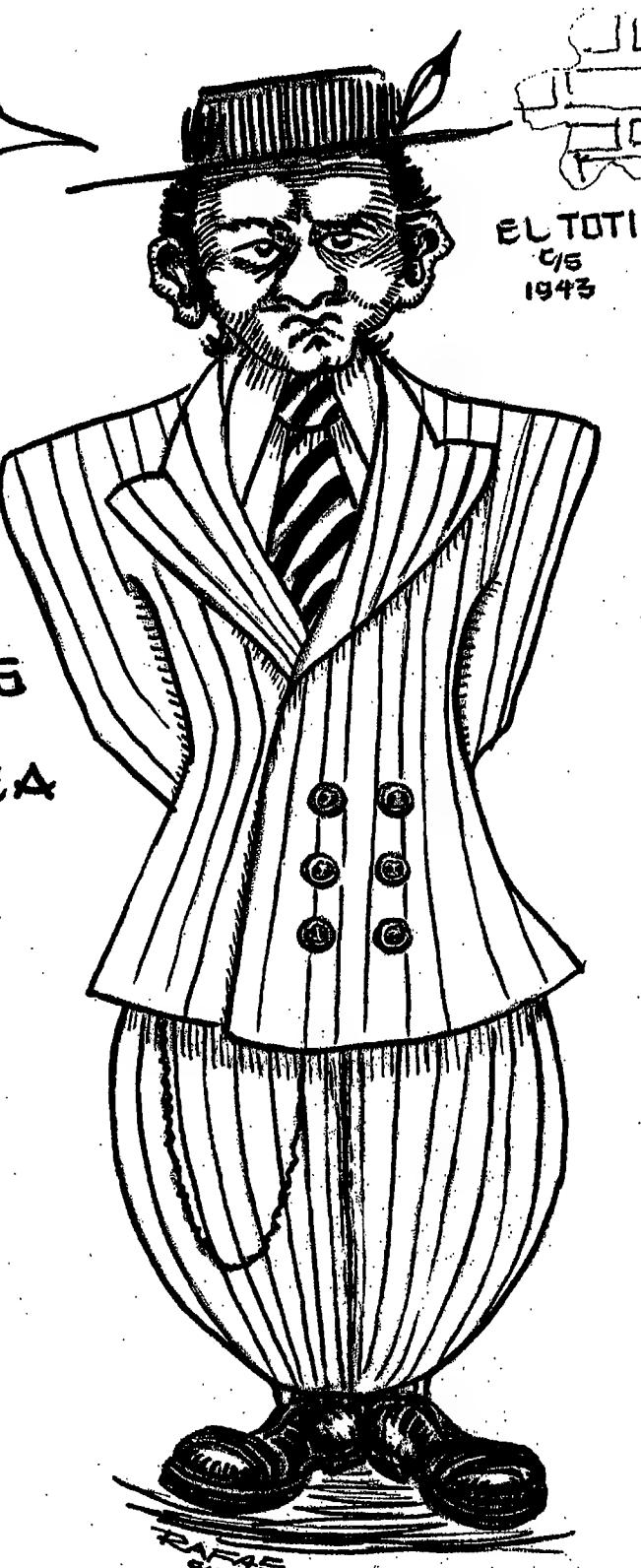
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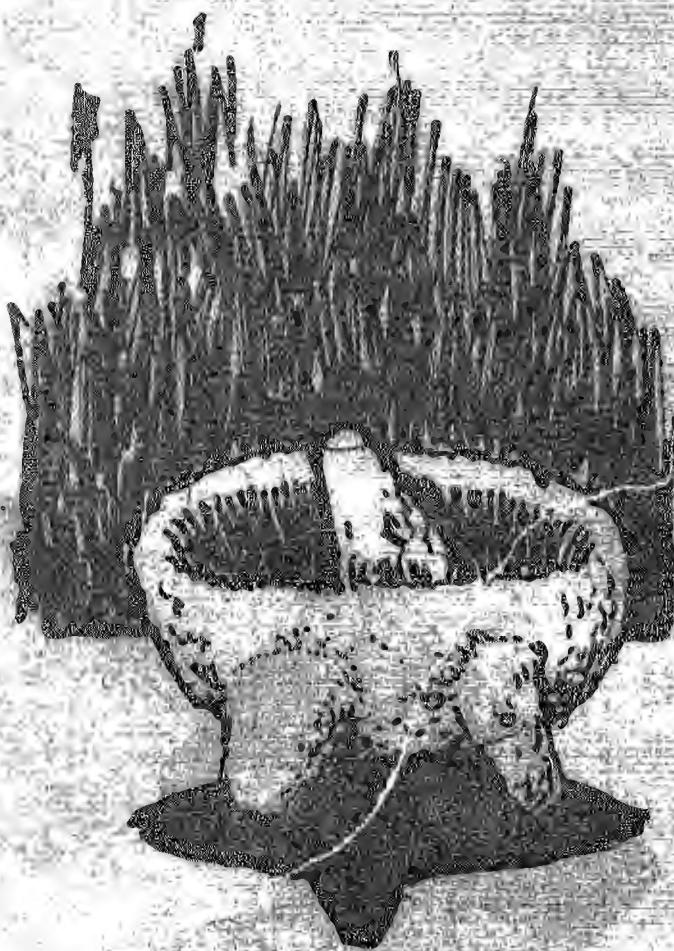
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RAFAES



CLASSE A B V

apuntarlo, v. coll., to jot it down, to make note of; to take one's credit.

barrio, n.m., Mexican American community or neighborhood.

barto, n. sing., guy, hideous fellow from the wild, barito, a dirty, sordid person.

beto, n.m., the custom of the godfather throwing water on children after the baptismal.

bracero, n.m., a Mexican National who is permitted entry into the U.S.A. to work as a temporary laborer for a designated period of time; the word is derived from the Spanish *bracero* meaning arm or armful of hand.

(b) term, n.l., the test.

Calavita, proper n.m., in test of U.S. government U.S. citizen; literally *caballo* means horse and *vaca* is the American name of cattle.

carga, n. sing., heroin.

carreta, n. pl., freight truck.

(c) Ciego, n.m., blind man.

Cinco de Mayo, n.m., the celebration of the Mexican victory at Puebla on May 5, 1862.

comal, n.m., a flat, thin, slightly concave metal griddle.

charrones, n.m., (esp.), old school types.

charlatanas, n.m., pretenders to knowledge.

chiva, n.f., strong, bony woman.

cholo(a), n. sing., (esp.), a Mexican-American of mixed Indian descent, esp. someone with darker skin, also known as *indio*, *indio*.

chose, n. sing., (esp.), a person who has been given up by his/her lover.

greze, v. slang, to infect someone.

gordo lobo, n.m., fat wolf.

helote, n.m., fresh unhusked corn.

hijo, n. son.

huero(s), proper n. or adj., a later incorporated individual, common nickname for Mexican American, sometimes used to designate an angle.

hundia, n., an idiot.

(the) joint, n. slang, prison.

lame, n. sing., an incompetent person.

bananita con miel, n., hot tea made with honey used to cure coughs and colds and sometimes anything else that seems to afflict people.

lazada, n., crazy girl.

mentado, n.m., a type broth used to cure helicocrosis.

metiche, n., one who meddles in other people's business, a busybody.

(d) magra or la magra, n.l., slang, contraction for indigestion and diarrhea.

molejete, n.m., master.

padrecito, n.m., little father, dadly.

padrejón, n., (col.), a stupid person.

(e) pata or las piatas, n.f., coll., the picking of rope by migrant laborers.

(f) Proyecto del Barrio, proper n.m., a home for Negro ex-slaves who want to rehabilitate themselves.

Palmotor, proper n., brand name for Mexican coffee machine.

pitos, n.m., slang, male whores, sometimes means homo-sexuals; derives from the n.l. *pitas*.

(g) traiko or los traikos, n.m., coll., the gypsies. The last word is the place railroad workers work.

vendido, n. coll., one who has sold out, a traitor.

vientas, n.l., little old ladies.

viejuela, n. or adj., literally means old woman, refers to an old person.



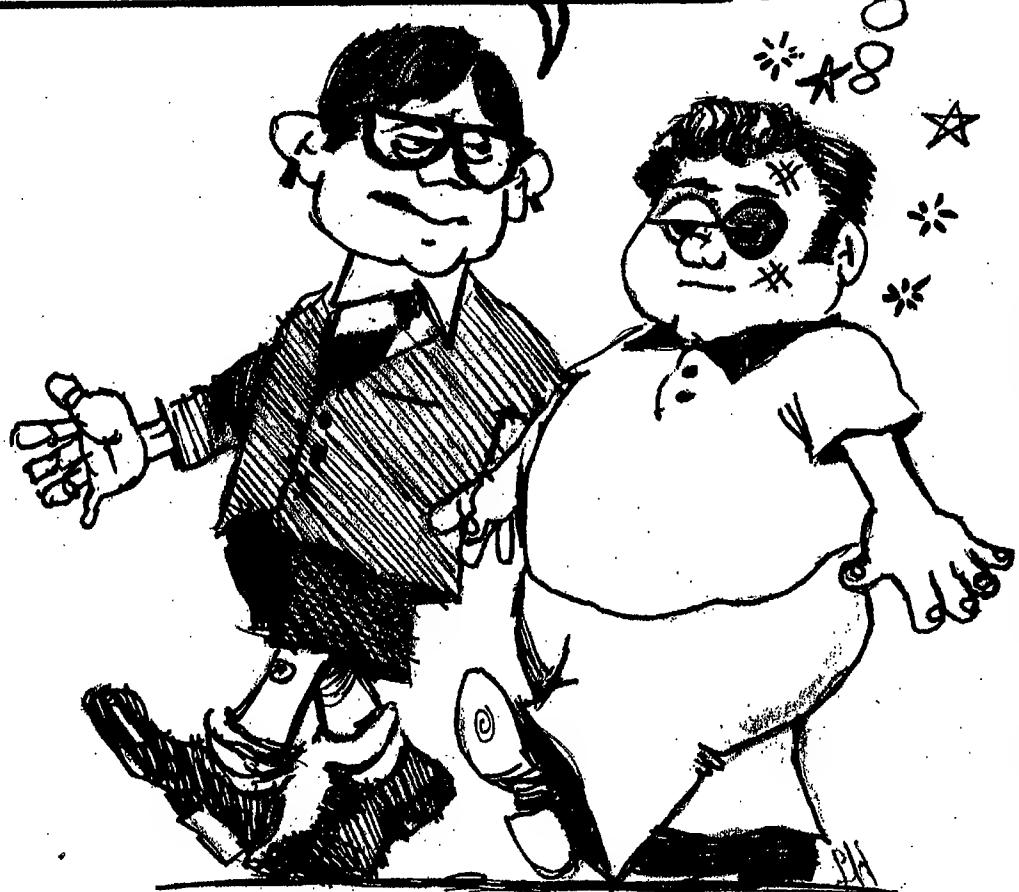
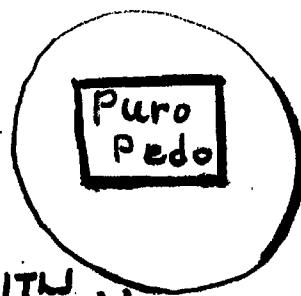
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THE MASSES AND THEREBY AFFIRMS
AND REINFORCES YOUR INDIVIDUALITY...



C/5 CLASSIC



MEXICO AND THE MEXICAN-AMERICAN

The future of the Mexican-American community is intimately related to drastic changes in its relationship to Mexico. Much of the exhilarating discussion that has taken place among Mexican-Americans has focused on their relationship to the United States. As Mexican-Americans view this society with new perspectives and insights it is essential that they come to grips with social change in Mexico. The issues are partly cultural and spiritual, but more significantly demographic, economic, and social, since Mexican-Americans cannot realize their own destinies in the United States until they have grasped the changing realities of their involvement with Mexico. Similarly the future effectiveness of Mexican foreign policy will increasingly be a function of the ability of the Mexican government and elite to alter its misconceptions concerning Mexican-Americans.

Initially both sides need to acknowledge that the heritage of the past has been closely associated for Mexicans and Mexican-Americans with aloofness and shame. Most Mexican-Americans came to this country from the northern states of Mexico seeking greater opportunities and escaping misery and poverty. Mexico to them has meant Durango, Sinaloa, or Baja rather than Guadalajara or Mexico City. Mexico in the U.S.

has borne the image of the vice-ridden border cities, an image to be shunned by Mexican-Americans seeking to make it in their new country and by Mexican elites. The Mexican government has regarded the emigrants and their descendants as *lost Mexicans*, a subject of some embarrassment best to be avoided. The Mexican government has limited its contacts with these communities to formal appearances of dignitaries at *Cinco de Mayo* and other festivities and to consular support of conservative establishment figures in the communities. Precedence has gone to diplomatic, economic and political relations with the *official* United States rather than the dubious and tawdry ex-Mexicans who have *deserted* their homeland.

To what degree have relations between Mexico and Mexican-Americans been concentrated in the shady areas of immigration, documents, sporadic attempts to stem the narcotics traffic, and the human waste produced by the border cities? A horde of self-styled lawyers and notary publics on both sides of the border have fed on this carrion trade, but there have been few substantive contacts between the government in Mexico and Mexican-American leadership. Both sides have tacitly agreed to remain at a friendly but aloof distance from the *unfortunate images* available at the border.

VERAL

AARON SEGAL

c/5



This dismal picture is being rapidly changed by revolutions in communications and transportation. While nearly 30 million North Americans will cross the border this year, nearly one million will visit something of Mexico beyond the border areas. Satellite television, networks of roads and motels, inexpensive flights, and burgeoning tourism mean that for North Americans and Mexican-Americans Mexico is no longer El Paso, Mexicali or Ciudad Juarez. Mexico is a rapidly developing industrial country with a projected population by 1980 of 60 million, an innovator in architecture and design, an exporter of agricultural surpluses and increasingly sophisticated machinery. It is a vital society beset with enormous social problems, however confident it is in its ability to cope with them. The change of image is reflected in the physical and economic picture of the border where vice still flourishes but coexists with new legitimate, commercial and industrial enterprises catering to distinct tastes. There is even a modest invasion of *Americano-Mexicanos* who purchase homes in Baja California and elsewhere as a place to retire on modest incomes.

The most important change for the future of the Mexican-American community is demographic. Historically a steady trickle of immigrants have fed into the urban centers to

refurbish the Mexican-Americans' filial ties. Mexico is now better able to offer remunerative employment for its own, particularly for the skilled and educated. Mexican elites, acting out of pride and self-confidence, have readily foregone the *bracero* program, although this has had disastrous effects on individual villages which depended on these remittances. Mexico is now part of the total 125,000 per year immigration quota to the United States for all of Latin America and the rate of emigration may slowly but steadily decline.

These demographic changes will profoundly affect the social structure of the Mexican-American community. The immigrants paradoxically have provided the strongest cultural bonds to Mexico while proving the most resistant to political organization in this country. As the Mexican-American community becomes more of a second and third generation group the questions of its assimilation, the future of its traditions, and its ability to maintain itself as an entity will all be tested. Lacking a constant source of new immigrants the deliberate conscious effort to preserve the community will be the only method left replacing past spontaneity.

The second major change concerns the Mexican-American's discovery of his own separate identity, the

mystique of cultural pluralism. As Chicanos spurn aspects of North American society in pursuit of an alternate identity, what can they find in Mexico? Does the Mexico of the VW factories, subways, Museo del Arte pre-Hispanico, and air pollution have more to offer than its Northern counterpart? How will young Chicanos react when they realize that many young Mexicans want the affluence and its concomitant ugliness which is their image of North America? If *La Raza* is to function as a meaningful examination of today and tomorrow and not merely a rallying cry for the faithful, then the *Raza* must be the Mexico of 1969 and not exclusively that of 1519. The problem is not so much an uncovering of historical roots and resurrection of hidden identities but the establishment of a contemporary dialogue with thoughtful Mexicans asking basic questions about their own changing society.

The experience of Italian and Irish-Americans provides an illustrative analogy for the evolution of relations between Mexican-Americans and Mexico. 19th century immigrants to the United States from these countries left with few or no regrets lands about which they became nostalgic only in retrospect. Ireland or Italy were associated for them with misery, poverty and brutal famine. The incubus of Irish and Italian nationalism spread to its lost children overseas, but within the span of two generations this shame and repulsion was replaced with intelligent pride and interest. However, this kind of re-appraisal and re-evaluation cannot take place until the basic issues dividing Mexicans and Mexican-Americans have been resolved.

The most divisive and harmful of these issues is migrant labor. It has become evident that unless and until the alien residents, or Mexican *green card holders* are organized, Cesar Chavez's monumental effort will meet with limited success. Here is one of the last vestiges of the shame that has haunted Mexican-Americans when they contemplate Mexico. The arbitrary acts of two apathetic sets of officialdom determine whether a man is a citizen or a green carder. Each finds itself struggling to exclude the other in what it believes to be a desperate effort to preserve a minimum standard of living. The green carders cannot be organized without the consent of the elites in Mexico City whose control and influence, through the governing party (PRB) and its affiliated trade-union and campesino movements, reaches even to the border. These elites are inordinately reluctant to relinquish their influence, and they feel constantly threatened, because the meagre wages the unorganized green-carders receive are still well above what organized agricultural laborers earn in Northern Mexico.

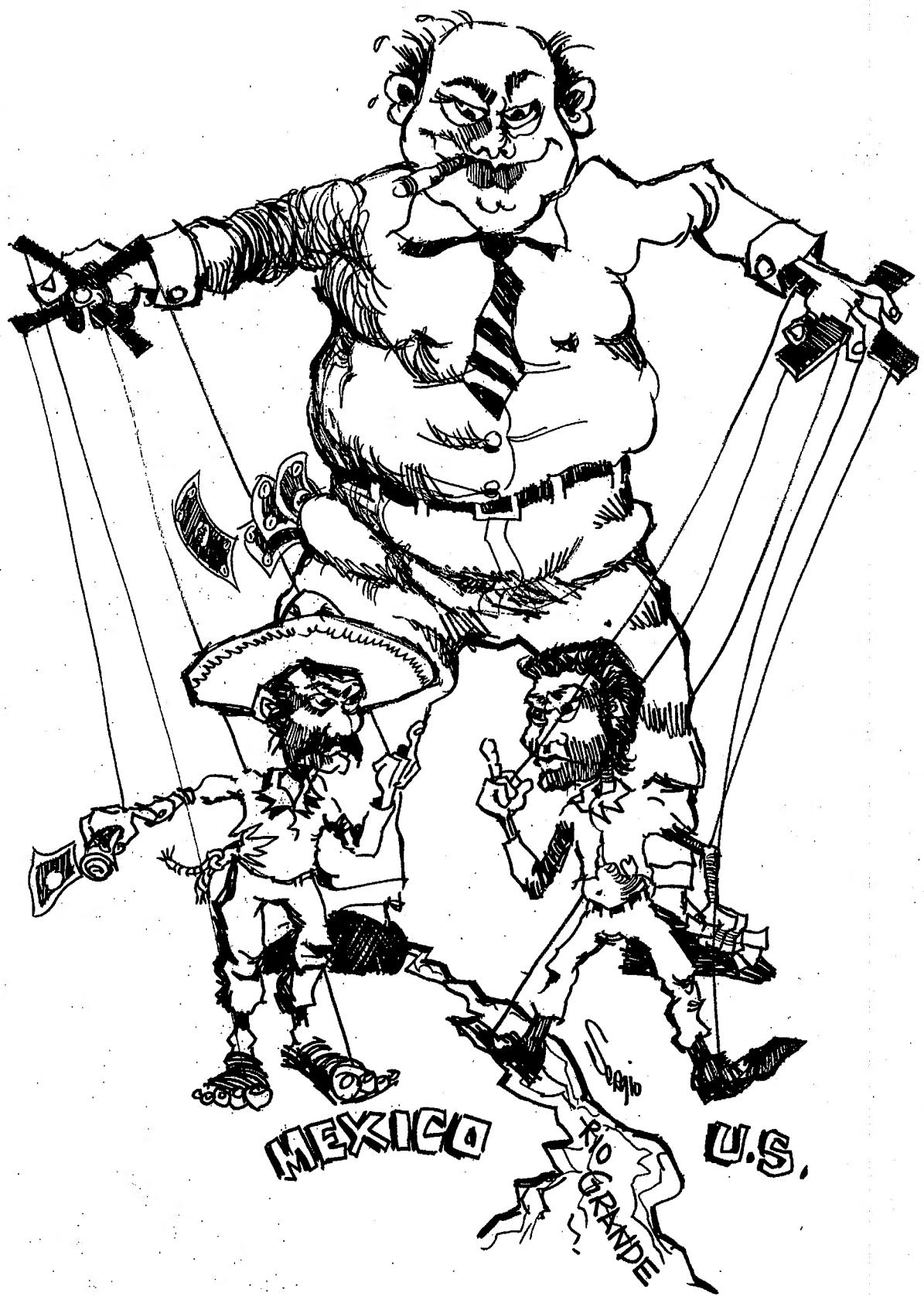
The problem is short-term and urgent but it cannot be dealt with solely by cooperation or enmity between rival national trade-unions. What is required is an approach that accepts migrant labor as a dying industry because it is arduous, ill-paid, tiresome and sub-human. What is required is a bi-national approach that will channel the returns from automation into job re-training and job provision for all migrant laborers. This might be approached by first phasing Mexican-Americans out of this industry and then gradually cutting back the ranks of the green-carders by offering them alternate employment.

Broader than the question of migrant labor is the future of the border areas, accounting for perhaps 10% of the total population of Mexico and an even larger proportion of Mexican-Americans. Mexico's industrialization has been financed in part by the dollars spent on vice by North Americans on the border. These dollars have helped to finance the importation of capital equipment. The very success of Mexico's industrialization based on import-substitution is threatening the status quo on the border. Mexican industrialists are bitter about the free trade rules which place their products in disadvantageous competition in border towns which comprise the second largest consumer market in Mexico along with the population that has the highest per capita income. More and more Mexicans from the interior are taking advantage of the border area to buy U. S. consumer goods, in preference to their more expensive Mexican counterparts. Mexico's own tourist drive depends on replacing the *dirty* reputation of the border trade with a clean total Mexico. The foreign tourist who spends a week in Mexico probably spends ten times as much on Mexican goods and services as the casual one-day border visitor. Thus there are numerous and serious pressures within Mexico to do something about the notorious and infamous border areas.

Mexican-Americans will knowingly smirk at reports of another *clean-up* in T J; they have learned from bitter personal experience how things are managed. What they are only beginning to perceive is that with or without a clean-up, their future is a direct function of what happens on the border. The border represents the greatest single threat to the economic and social evolution of Mexican-Americans unless bold new measures are adopted. This threat stems from the presence on the border of a growing mass of unskilled cheap labor capable of being used by North Americans and Mexicans alike as a device to impede the progress of Mexican-Americans.

The Mexican and United States governments agreed in 1964 to a unique program of industrial development in the border areas which directly affects Mexican-Americans. This program allows U. S. firms, which establish industries in designated cities along the border, to import raw materials and components duty-free into Mexico with the privilege of returning those same materials to the United States and having to pay tariff only on the value added by transformation in Mexico. At the insistence of Mexican manufacturers, these factories may not sell their products in Mexico. Since 1964 more than 150 factories have been established on the basis of generous Mexican fiscal incentives to export to the U. S.

This agreement means in practice that a TV manufacturer can build a branch plant in Mexicali, bring in all his components duty-free from the main factory in Tucson, pay his Mexican labor one-fourth of the prevailing U. S. rate, and re-export his product to the U. S. This arrangement has been defended in Mexico as a means of providing a cheap apprenticeship for Mexican industrialists who may learn how to produce and export manufactured goods. It is also the key element in Mexico City's determination to clean up the border, not as in the past with futile overnight crackdowns on brothels and vice-dens, but through provision of legitimate,



well-paid employment by Mexican standards. Mexican elites have finally accepted that vice will diminish only when money and jobs are otherwise available. Unfortunately most of these unskilled and semi-skilled jobs are created at the expense of Mexican-Americans across the border.

This is another example of actual and potential conflict between Mexican-Americans and Mexico which will be damaging to all parties. Already the AFL-CIO, with Mexican-American impetus, has attempted to halt or slow down the movement of factories across the border to protect jobs on this side. This approach, no matter how understandable, will only serve to bolster the illegitimate enterprises that are fighting to keep the border as it has been. The price that the Mexican-American community pays in human terms from hard-line drugs and barbiturates that move across the border should be sufficient in itself to convince thoughtful Mexican-Americans that the industrialization of the border is a desirable and urgent objective.

The problem of the border areas is comparable to that of migrant labor. Mexican-Americans must insist that job creation in the border areas takes place only when investment has been made in higher skills and jobs for displaced Mexican-Americans. This issue needs attention at the highest political level in which Mexican-Americans assert their views in Washington and Mexico City.

What is at stake is recognition of the right of the Mexican-American community to an active voice on the future of the border. The bi-national inter-agency border commissions which have been established in recent years to deal with saline water, narcotics control, and other issues should not be confined to officialdom from Mexico City and Washington. Mexican-Americans need to come to the forefront in developing creative ideas for the future of both sides of the border. This will produce static and outcries from the bureaucrats in both countries whose perspectives do not extend to include local initiative.

The articulation of positions on the concrete problems of migrant labor, border factories, and narcotics control will thrust Mexican-Americans into a real Pursuit of La Raza. It will oblige them to understand the changes within Mexico and to form coalitions with Mexican political forces. It should give them an opportunity to reflect their presence and identity on the Mexican public while helping to alter the Mexican image of Mexican-Americans. It could lead to academic and cultural exchanges at a number of levels to provide a constant and continuing dialogue. It will involve a fair measure of confrontations and *telling it as it is*. Only in this way is it possible to cut through the clichés and shibboleths. The end product should be the replacement of shame and aloofness with a healthy mutual respect and concern based on intelligent understanding of differences and similarities.

E N D





PEACE ON YOU TOO